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McKean County Miner.

VOLUME XXX. SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1893.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Robert E. Pattison.
Lieutenant Governor—L. A. Watres.
[illegible]—W. Morrison.
[illegible]—David McM. Gregg.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Thos. J. Stewart.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—A. G. Olmsted, Coudersport.
Additional Law Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. W. Stone, Warren.
[illegible], Bradford.
Members of Assembly—W. E. Burdick, Bradford; [illegible] M. North, Bradford.
[illegible]
County Treasurer—Geo. C. Fuller, Bradford.
[illegible]
County Clerk—M. R. Geary, Smethport.
[illegible]
County School Sup't—W. F. Eckels, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

[illegible]

Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Monday in February, First Monday in June and October and Second Monday in December.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, [illegible] W. M.
J. A. Holdge, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evening at [illegible] I. O. O. F. Hall. [illegible]
G. W. King, N. G.
M. B. Jones, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month [illegible]
G. W. King, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. Choate, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No. 167, meets First and Third Thursday evenings of each month at [illegible] A. O. U. W. Hall [illegible] Block.
H. L. Burlingame, Com.
H. M. Choate, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets Wednesday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, [illegible] Block.
Mrs. Sarah M. Vickery, Pres.
Mrs. Lizzie Chambers, Sec'y.

Knights of St. John and Malta—Sovereign Encampment, No. 77, meets every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. hall.
Dr. Burg Chadwick, Em. Com.
D. E. Waller, Chancellor.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 142, meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, [illegible] Block.
Chas. Lemmler, M. W.
[illegible] Gardner, Recorder.

E. A. U.—Smethport Union, No. 345, meets on Second and Fourth Wednesday evenings of each month in I. O. O. F. hall.
E. L. Keenan, President.
Mrs. S. M. Vickery, Secretary.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 3, meets every Monday evening at [illegible] A. O. U. W. hall, [illegible] block.
Wm. McCammon, Com.
D. E. Waller, R. K.

[illegible] Smethport Branch [illegible], meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall [illegible]
James Lynch, Pres't.
Thomas Clark, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m. in their hall, [illegible] block.
Mrs. D. L. Forsythe, Pres.
Mrs. M. E. Richmond, Sec'y.

Churches.

Methodist—Rev. J. W. Wright, Pastor. Preaching [illegible] a. m. and 7:30 p. m. every Sunday. Sabbath school immediately after morning services. [illegible] Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock [illegible] Friday evenings at 7 o'clock [illegible] Saturday evenings at [illegible]

Baptist.—Rev. O. W. Halliwell, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., Bible school directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Young People's prayer meeting at 1:00 p. m. every Sunday evening. Covenant meeting Saturday before the first Sunday in each [illegible] month at 2 o'clock p. m., and the Lord's supper on the first Sunday of every month [illegible] All are welcome.

Episcopal.—J. Hunter McCandless, Rector. [illegible] every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at [illegible] except the first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Hunter McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday school 2:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at [illegible]

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—[illegible] Mass at 10 a. m. [illegible] Sunday School at 2 p. m. [illegible] alternate Sunday all [illegible] Smethport and Clermont.

Union Services at King's Corners school house, East Smethport, every Sabbath afternoon at [illegible] by Rev. A. [illegible] Sabbath school immediately after the preaching.

Presbyterian.—[illegible] Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 11:30 a. m. [illegible] Endeavor, [illegible] p. m., and after evening preaching; Children's Meeting, Saturday [illegible] All are invited.

[illegible] Church—J. W. Leach, pastor. Services every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., Sunday school at 1:30 p. m.; prayer service Wednesday evening. All are invited.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

J. H. Stone. C. A. Sturgeon.
Stone & Sturgeon.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office [illegible] Pomeroy Hall, Bradford, Pa.

J. W. Bouton.
ATTORNEY AT LAW and District Attorney of McKean County. Office in the Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Geo. A. Berry.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Rooms [illegible] Berry & Melvin Block, Bradford, Pa.

Byron D. Hamlin. John Forrest.
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. [illegible] McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

Robert H. Rose.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR. Office over [illegible] Hamlin's Banking Office, Smethport, Pa.

Sheridan Gorton.
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office in Hamlin Block, Main street, Smethport, Pa.

M. L. Keenan.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office opposite Chautauqua House, Smethport, Pa. All legal business attended to promptly.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Room [illegible] Producers' Exchange, Bradford, Pa.

John [illegible] T. F. Mullin.
Mullin & Mullin.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, 16 Main street Bradford, Pa.

M. N. Mayo.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Odd Fellows' Building, near the Post Office, Smethport, Pa.

F. H. Colter.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Eldred, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

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[illegible] Rogers.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in [illegible] Mt. Jewett, Pa.

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SURGEON, Obstetrician and Consulting [illegible] Office hours from [illegible] Smethport, Pa.

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Mt. Jewett, Pa.
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This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first-class hotel. A well stocked and well kept bar connected with the house. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

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This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

CHAUTAUQUA HOUSE
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the county. Good [illegible] and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
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This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style. First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
JOHN FLEMING, Proprietor.

HOTEL LAMONT,
RECENTLY ENLARGED.
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FIRST-CLASS ROOMS, . . . REASONABLE RATES.
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Which they propose to sell at manufacturers' prices. [illegible] York for quality.

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Entirely VEGETABLE AND A SURE CURE FOR

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THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

[illegible]

LANE'S MEDICINE.

[illegible]

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH
FRANK BARRETT

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.
I RETURN TO LONDON.

After raising innumerable objections and creating delays with a view to exciting higher terms, Schemyl at length accepted Ivan Dentremember's offer, but the agreement being made he lost no time in preparing for my flight.

He had a daughter who had been for some time ill with a skin complaint common to the Russian peasantry, and it was arranged that he should take me to St. Petersburg under the pretense that I was this daughter going there for medical treatment, and so, early one morning, in a peasant's dress, the lower part of my face caked with paste, stained in part with saffron and cochineal, I took my place in Schemyl's sledge and bade "goodby" to Gordon and Ivan Dentremember. Schemyl tucked me in the wraps suitable to an invalid, and having given another touch to the paste on my face declared gleefully that I could not look better if I were dying of the pest.

"If that don't satisfy the police, I don't know what will," said he, looking back at me as he took his seat, with great satisfaction. "One glance at that face will be enough for them. They won't dare to open her papers for fear of infection."

"You have your daughter's papers, of course," said Ivan.

Schemyl winked, nodded and patted his breast.

"And you yours?" Ivan added, addressing me. These papers were Gordon's order for 200 pounds, a letter from Schemyl to his correspondent in London, and a note from Ivan to his friend in Berlin, all carefully imbedded in a box of ointment which I carried in my hand. I nodded assent.

"Then God speed you!" he exclaimed.

"Farewell, dear little woman," cried Gordon.

"Farewell," I answered as stoutly as I could, and the next minute I lost sight of them.

Schemyl successfully overcame all the difficulties that beset us and left me at the first station in Germany, whence I proceeded to Berlin without further question. At Berlin I found Ivan Dentremember's friend, Carl Hoffman, and delivered the letter addressed to him. He introduced me to his wife, a bright, intelligent woman, and they held a long consultation on the subject.

"The great thing," said he, going to the window, "is to choose a disguise that is the least likely to attract notice. Come here, mademoiselle, and tell me what people passing along over the way seem to you most remarkable—most un-English."

I pointed out six or eight of the persons. Presently he said:

"You have not noticed the thin, tall old lady waiting at the corner for the tram. She is walking this way now. Do you see people like that in a London street?"

"Yes, many," I replied.

"Now see if you can walk across the room with her gait."

I imitated the walk and posture of a woman bent with age as well as I could.

"Famous!" exclaimed Mrs. Hoffman.

"Yes, I think that will do," said her husband.

They hunted up a dress of dingy black, an old bonnet and mantle trimmed with dull jet and a pair of shabby gloves. Mr. Hoffman would have cut my hair and given me a wig, but his wife would not suffer this, so they gathered it close on the top of my head and concealed it with a false front and a knot of gray hair behind. My face was carefully painted and my teeth stained. My new friends laughed heartily as they made these alterations in my appearance, and still more heartily when, a spotted veil completing the make up, I walked across the room, my hands folded, and carrying a rusty leather reticule, with the step of an elderly person, to look at myself in the glass. For a moment or two I stood gaping before the mirror in amazement, for it is no exaggeration to say that I did not know myself. I looked like a woman of advanced age who "has seen trouble," and this general effect was heightened by the appearance of faded gentility in my dress.

Thus disguised, I arrived in London on the morning of Feb. 6—three months within a few days from the date of my capture.

"Keb, mum?" asked a porter, touching his cap as I stepped out of the train. I nodded assent.

"Four wheeler," he called, without hesitation. No better compliment than that could have been paid to the friends who had disguised me.

"Where to, lady?" asked the cabman when I was seated.

"Carter street, Houndsditch," said I in the falsetto of old age.

At the corner of Carter street I discharged the cab. A few doors down I saw on a shop facia the name I sought—"M. Lazarus, furrier." I entered and told the shopman I wished to see Mr. Lazarus himself.

"What name?" he asked.

"Tell him I have come from Peter Schemyl," I replied.

I was shown into a private office, where a stout, dark eyed man with a black beard received me. He eyed me curiously as I took out from the inside of my dress the paper which now contained my precious papers. I was not the first mysterious visitor perhaps who had brought him a message from the heart of Russia.

He took the minute sheet of closely folded thin paper, carefully opened it, and having read the few lines it contained said:

"You are to give me an order for £200, madam."

"Here it is," I replied, giving up the last of the papers with a feeling of relief.

"There may be some difficulty in cashing this," he observed, raising his eyebrows as he looked at the grease stained order. "Have you any objection to going with me to the bank?"

I agreed to this proposal, and he sent for a cab, in which we went together to Lombard street.

"You had better come in with me," said Mr. Lazarus. "An explanation is sure to be wanted."

We entered the bank, and he presented the strange order. The clerk examined it and then took it into the manager's office. After an interval of five or ten minutes he returned, and handing the paper back to Mr. Lazarus said:

"I am sorry to tell you that we cannot cash this order, sir."

"Can I see the manager? The irregularity can be explained."

"It is not a question of irregularity. We have examined Mr. Gordon's account and find that there are no assets. Mr. Gordon drew the whole of his deposit the day he left—that is," the clerk said, correcting himself as if he had said more than he should have said, "on the 12th of November last year."

Mr. Lazarus turned to me and raised his eyebrows in silent interrogation.

"He drew all his money out the day he went away?" I gasped.

"The 12th of November," the clerk replied.

Mr. Lazarus handed me the order with a bow of mock civility, shrugged his shoulders as he nodded to the clerk and turned on his heel, evidently wishing it to be understood that he washed his hands of the [illegible] and nothing more to do with me. I followed him to the door thunderstruck, unable to reason under this terrible blow.

"What am I to do?" I asked, overtaking him on the pavement as he was about to [illegible]

"Well, I advise you to be more careful in the future—it's a lucky thing for you that [illegible] the manager did, but I think it worth while [illegible] in the hands of the police."

[illegible] drive off, feeling that with it all hope was going beyond recall, and then, bewildered and helpless, I yielded to the stream of hurrying city men, and somehow drifted into a quiet turning, where it was possible for a poor creature to collect her scattered wits.

Stupidly, in my desperation, I looked round as if I might find guidance at hand. There was not a soul in the court but a man in a white blouse, painting something on a doorpost. My heart sickened as I realized my folly. Then, apathetically, my eyes rested on the painter's hand. He was writing a name on the doorpost. I spelled out what he had written, "E. Pelham, solicitor, second fl"—

A ray of hope flashed upon my darkened mind. I had heard Taras speak of getting a solicitor's advice upon some question of business. Might not this solicitor advise me? I had money to pay him—the rest of the English notes Gordon gave me. There could be no harm in trying if I kept up my assumed character and took proper precautions. I went up to the second floor, and after pausing for a minute outside the freshly painted door on which I read the name of the solicitor I entered the office with every sense on the alert. I remember that the newly varnished door creaked as I pushed it open; that there was a strong smell of paint; that everything was painfully new. Even Mr. Pelham himself seemed new, he was so attentive, so anxious to get me into his inner office as soon as he learned that I wished to have his advice upon an important question. He was a thin, eager, little man, with a clean shaven face and a pleasant, birdlike expression in his sharp, twinkling eyes. He reminded me of a sparrow with a large brood on the lookout for the smallest crumbs.

"Do you know any one named Kavanagh?" I asked when we were seated face to face at his writing table, with the spotless blotting pad and the new stationery case and writing materials between us.

"Well, madam, I can't say that I do," he answered reluctantly.

"Any one named Gordon?"

"Gordon, Gordon, now," reflectively. "No, madam. You see, madam, my practice has up to now been in another part of the metropolis."

"Perhaps you know Prince Borgensky?"

"I have heard of him of course, but I have not the pleasure of knowing him."

"Can I rely upon your not repeating a word of what I tell you to any living creature?"

"Absolutely, madam. You must understand that my professional reputation would be ruined if I betrayed, even by want of care, anything confided to me by a client."

After a few moments' reflection I said, going without circumlocution straight to my subject:

"George Gordon and I were kidnaped last November," I began.

"Kidnaped; yes, madam," he said in the most matter of fact voice, though the fall in his countenance expressed disappointment, and his penetrating glance betrayed a doubt as to whether his new client was quite in her sound senses.

"We were transported to St. Petersburg and thence to Siberia."

"Siberia," he said, making a note of it as though he might possibly confuse it with Cheapside.

"After traveling four weeks we escaped from the police and"—

"Pardon me—may I ask why you were in the hands of the police?"

"George Gordon was supposed to be Prince Borgensky, the nihilist, whom he resembles, and I was taken as his accomplice. We were both being sent to Siberia as exiles by administrative order."

Mr. Pelham's face brightened up again as if with the dawning hope that I might be sane after all.

"We found a man who undertook to get us out of Russia for about 3,000 rubles. George Gordon had only 1,200. It was agreed that I should be sent alone to London with an order on George Gordon's bankers to pay £200 to a man named Lazarus in Houndsditch. On receipt of the money Lazarus was to telegraph to the man in Siberia, who would then get George Gordon out of Russia. You understand me?"

"Perfectly, madam. The explanation is most lucid; the case most interesting. Pray, proceed."

"I arrived in London this morning and presented the order to Mr. Lazarus. We took it to the bank, but they declined to pay the money."

"Has Mr. Lazarus returned the order to you?"

"Yes; here it is."

He examined the paper with redoubled interest.

"Messrs. Duncan & Duncan—why, this house is just round the corner."

"Yes."

"What reason do they give for refusing payment?"

"They say they have no money of George Gordon's."

"Is Mr. Gordon a man of capital?"

"He is very rich, I believe."

"Surely he would know when he wrote this important order whether he had a balance there or not?"

"His life depended on it."

"If you have no objection, I will go at once and see what the manager has to say. I shall not keep you waiting many minutes."

"You will not mention the names of Kavanagh or Prince Borgensky."

"You can rely implicitly on my prudence, madam," he said, taking up his hat.

After an absence of some minutes he returned with a piece of paper in his hand.

"The fact is clear, madam," said he. "The whole of the deposit, £9,420 17s. 6d., was drawn out on the 12th of last November. Messrs. Duncan could not make a mistake. On the other hand, it seems incredible that Mr. Gordon, in a case of such importance, could overlook the fact of drawing out so large a sum, especially as the odd figures prove that he was taking every available penny. Then you say he had only 1,200 rubles with him—a ruble, I believe, is worth about 2 shillings or half a crown?"

"Yes."

"Do you know whether he spent much money after leaving England?"

"He could not."

"And what day did you leave England?"

"The day he drew the money," I replied, enlightened by the statement of the clerk.

"Is it possible that he drew the money knowing that he might need it?"

"He had no suspicion that he was to be taken away."

"Now, madam," he pursued after a few moments' reflection, "can you tell me if any one besides yourself knew of Mr. Gordon's being taken away?"

"Yes, one person."

"Only one?"

"Only one."

"Can you tell me his name?"

After a little consideration, I answered:

"His name is Kavanagh."

"Ah! Do you know in what relation they stand to each other?"

"George Gordon was Kavanagh's friend; Kavanagh was George Gordon's enemy. He it was who had us taken away."

"Most interesting—a complete chain! Did Kavanagh visit Mr. Gordon often?"

"Frequently before our arrest. He was at George Gordon's chambers in the afternoon of that day."

"I do not know whether your suspicions take the same direction as mine; but it looks to me as if Kavanagh had got access to your friend's rooms after the kidnaping and made use of his checkbook. Has that occurred to you?"

"Not till now. But it was pointed out [illegible] plain Kavanagh's action."

"A stronger still may yet be found. It is not likely that all Mr. Gordon's property was in the bank. Do you wish me to make inquiries?"

"No. It will be time enough to bring him to account when George Gordon returns."

"Then, hem!—may I ask what you wish me to do?"

"I want you to tell me how I can get money to bring him home."

Evidently the poor little man found it difficult to conceal his disappointment at this dull turn to an inspiriting case. However, putting the best face he could on the affair, he said:

"Do you know anything of Mr. Gordon's private affairs—the name of his solicitor, or any friend who can be appealed to for help?"

"No. I know of nobody who can be appealed to."

"You yourself have not the means?"

"I have barely 20 pounds."

He sighed, and after reflection said:

"Well, madam, the only thing I can think of is to see this Mr. Lazarus and represent the case to him, of course avoiding the names you have mentioned. He may be disposed to advance the sum required upon that order if we convince him that Mr. Gordon is a man of honor. With your permission I will call on him this afternoon, and you shall know the result tomorrow morning."

After some discussion I agreed to this proposal and left Mr. Pelham, who declined to take any fee at the present stage of the case.

CHAPTER XXXIX.
THE MADNESS OF FEAR.

I couldn't help it. It was stronger than I, as the French say—that yearning to be near Taras, to pass the house in which he lived—the house with which the dearest, the happiest associations of my life were connected, and after resisting the temptation as long as I could, wandering about the city with the endeavor to distract my thoughts by looking in the shops, I took a turning down to the river, and at the first station stepped on board a Chelsea steamer.

"Is it likely," I asked myself, "that I shall be seen by any one I know?" Nevertheless it was the hope of seeing Taras, if but afar off, that led me into this imprudence, for, despite my disguise, I knew that I was doing wrong—that I was jeopardizing the escape of Gordon, the safety of Taras himself—by exposing myself even to the remote chance of discovery. Most of the people on board looked like Lambeth folk. A gentleman was waiting on the Temple pier who, in the distance, looked like Kavanagh.

I shivered with suppressed excitement as we drew nearer and nearer to the spot in which all my fondest hopes were centered. My heart beat wildly as I caught sight of the kilns beyond Westminster, my head swam, and every object grew dim and indistinct before my eyes as the boat crossed toward Lambeth pier.

Prudence told me that here at least I ought to go below or screen myself, for every man on the pier knew me well by sight. But I was deaf to every voice, blind to every danger. I even raised my veil that I might better scan the faces of the passengers upon the pier we were nearing. Oh, if Taras might only be among them! If he would come on board, where I might feel his presence! There were three or four familiar faces close to me when we ran alongside, but not his. I stood up and strained my eyes as the late passengers ran down the footbridge. He was not among them, and that vain hope was gone. But there was still the chance of seeing him at the window when the bridge was passed and I could get an unobstructed view of the house.

We passed under the bridge, snorting as the funnel was lowered, and then as the smoke blew away something seemed to smite my heart like the blow of a great hammer, for, looking back, I saw the blinds of all the windows were drawn down.

"Great heaven, Taras is dead!" That was my first thought, and then, divining the truth, I said to myself, "The czar has conquered."

But this end of all happiness was too terrible to be accepted while any spark of doubt remained, and I tried to cheat myself with hopes—as if mere belief could alter the course of inevitable fate, or hope undo what was done. I tried to explain the drawn blinds by supposing a less dreadful calamity. Poor old Mere Lucas was gone.

"Yes, yes," I said to myself, grasping at this possibility, "Mere Lucas is dead, poor soul!"

Leaving the boat at Vauxhall pier, I hurried along Millbank, repeating this phrase again and again like a charm, and crossing Lambeth bridge drew near the old house, still striving to believe that my eyes had deceived me, yet faint with dread.

I could go no farther than the corner opposite the house. Its aspect of desolation paralyzed my limbs and forced me to cling to the wall for support. There was no sign of life in it. The shutters of the living room were closed; the blinds of the windows above drawn. The bulbs Taras gave me to plant in the boxes on my window sills the last week I was with him had flowered and faded. The withered blooms hung over the edge. Even the foliage had drooped for want of attention. At the corner of Ferry street one of the carmen from the pottery was packing jars in his van. Heedless of the risk I ran—for there seemed no longer any need of disguise—I tottered across the road, and in a voice made weak and tremulous by emotion I asked him if he could tell me where Mme. Lucas lived.

"Mme. Lucas," he responded carelessly, still packing away the jars. "Oh, she's gone away. She used to live in the house down there as is shut up now. She's been gone ever since Christmas."

"Does—does any one live there now?" I faltered.

"No. Look here, missis," he added, straightening himself and scratching his head, "you're upset my counting along of your questions. Here, Bill Wright," he called to a young man who was arranging more jars against the wall, "here's a party wants to know something about Mme. Lucas."

"I only wanted to know where I could find her," I said timidly.

"She's living now down in Surrey along with Mr. Taras," said William Wright.

"He is not dead!" I gasped.

"I haven't heard of his dying, mum, though I know he was very bad before he left."

My heart leaped at this. Oh, if Taras were only ill there was yet hope!

"Can you tell me where I can find him—Mme. Lucas, I mean?"

"I know it's Woking way where they live now. Betterford I think's the name of the place, but I can't be sure."

"Here," said the carman, "run round to the hoffice, old lady, and ask for Mr. Kavanagh. He knows. Hand us up them quarts, Bill."

As that name I recognized the rashness of my folly, albeit neither the carman nor William Wright had seen through my disguise—the reckless madness into which my fear had led me. Nevertheless within an hour I was on my way to Betterford.

CHAPTER XL.
A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

It was dark when I reached Woking. The ticket collector at the station told me that I had to go three good miles. He had heard there were new people at Betterford Grange, but didn't know their names, though he was told they were foreigners. The Grange was this side of the village and the first house after passing the "Wheatsheaf," which was about half way, and I couldn't miss it, as it stood just on the edge of the common as you come through the fir woods. With this information I left him, and following his direction came at last upon the open common, and there, standing back from the road, was the Grange—its twisted chimneys and many gables thrown into relief by a background of moonlit cloud.

The front faced the common. Looking through the iron gates up the yew bordered carriage drive I saw a light on the lower floor. I felt that Taras was there. Clinging to the bars of the gate, I gazed at the light with such joy as I think they must feel who reach a shrine after long and weary pilgrimage.

I gave myself up to [illegible] feral my emotions to have unrestrained play. Solitude, the stillness of the night, the slowly creeping clouds that moved in the heavens, the feeling of unattained and yet unattainable happiness—all contributed to this devotional ecstasy. Taras was playing the viola in that room. A low sad sound reached my ear. It might have been celestial music, it was so pathetically beautiful. I listened in awe, not knowing what Taras played, and the sound rose like a cry of despair, filling my heart with such woe that I could bear it no longer and turned away.

I found lodging that night at the "Wheatsheaf." Early in the morning I left the inn to return to London.

"It's a little better than two miles to the station," said the landlord, "but you will catch the up train nicely if you step out a bit brisklike."

Anxious now to get back and learn the result of the solicitor's application to Mr. Lazarus, I ran, as soon as I turned the bend of the road, that I might not miss the train. But presently the sound of wheels behind obliged me to change my pace to one more in keeping with the character of a gray headed woman. The sound drew nearer and nearer; a couple of sleepy dogs raced by me, and then, as I turned my head, the carriage rattled past. It was an open carriage; a gentleman and a young lady sat on the back seat. She was on the further side, and speaking to him; her face was toward me, his inclined toward her in a listening attitude. They did not notice me—the smile on their faces was unchanged—but at the sight of them I stopped as if lightning from the heavens had shot down and struck me, for in that momentary glance I recognized both. He was Taras—she Judith! I stood by a roadside watching the receding carriage in blank dismay till the curve of the road hid it from my sight.

What did it mean? I asked myself in a frenzy of jealous terror. Why was Judith by his side, smiling in his face? Had she taken my place, having lost Gordon? Had Taras given up all expectation of my return and made her his companion in my stead? Had he gone still further than that and made her his wife? That was the more probable supposition. Judith was not a homeless, friendless waif, to whom such a position could be given as the sole escape from destruction. With the conventional views of her class, she would consent to live under his roof only as his wife. Where were they going now in that carriage? To the station undoubtedly, and thence to London. I might see him again at the station if I hurried. But I did not stir from the spot. The thought of seeing him again with her cut my heart like a sharp knife. I felt it would be better for me if I never saw him again. Better for him too.

Suddenly it occurred to me that if Taras and Judith were gone to London Mere Lucas would be alone. I might call upon her and make inquiries, taking care to conceal my identity and my purpose in case there might yet be necessity for concealment.

The iron gates were unfastened. I passed through and walked up the broad path to the house. There was no need to assume the infirmity of age—my steps faltered with quaking fear; my failing courage gave me scarcely the strength to ring the bell when I reached the house. Through the glazed doors I saw Mere Lucas coming across the hall in response to my feeble summons with ponderous step, her white cap with the strings tied in a broad bow under her double chin first catching my eye. She opened the door and greeted me with a serious inclination of the head, her full lips pursed up and a slight expression of mistrust upon her face as she took in my shrinking attitude and shabby appearance.

My back was to the light. She could not recognize me, and it was only natural that she should receive me in that manner, but the strangeness of it frightened me—I was so used to think of her beaming with kindness and genial warmth. Everything had changed so in these past few months that a return to the happy conditions of old seemed impossible.

I tried to recollect the phrases I had rehearsed for the occasion coming along, but my memory played me false, and after stammering a few incoherent words in French and English I abandoned the attempt to disguise myself in desperation and cried in a broken voice:

"Oh, Mere Lucas, don't you remember me?"

She started—her lips fell—she turned me quickly to the light and exclaimed:

"Mon Dieu! It has come to this. You have returned!"

For a minute astonishment bewildered her; the muscles of her face were agitated by conflicting emotions; then, recovering her self possession, she composed her features and with severe gravity told me that monsieur was not at home.

"I know he is not," I said. "I have seen him. He passed me in the road. I did not speak to him. I did not wish him to know me."

"Oh, Mere Lucas, don't you remember me?"

"One can understand that," she replied significantly. "Has madame come to speak to me?"

"Yes, yes, Mere Lucas," I faltered piteously.

Her coolness and formality perplexed me. I could not understand why she called me madame now that I had revealed myself. My embarrassment touched the good old woman, and she broke the painful silence.

"Monsieur is quite well?" she asked, with hesitation in her voice.

"Monsieur!" I echoed interrogatively.

"M. Gordon."

"Yes, but it is a long time since I left him, and I have traveled a long, long way to come here, and I find everything changed and altered, and—and—" impulsively giving way to my feelings, I sobbed—"and I am wretched and unhappy."

I rose and went toward her, and she, springing up, broke through the barrier of reserve and clasped me in her arms, shedding tears of affectionate sympathy.

"Ah, my poor dear," she whispered, "we are wretched and unhappy, all of us, and this is no time to bear grudges, one against the other. My heart melted the moment you told me who you were, for I know how cruelly you must have suffered to come down to this. But I felt that I ought not to forgive you all at once for deceiving us as you did, and [illegible] as if you had no feeling for any of us [illegible] to send one word to us in our trouble. No matter. That is all past, and we will forget it as best we can. There, there," said she, drawing me down on a chair close by her side and nursing my head on her bosom, "we are friends again, but you must not expect me to feel just the same toward you as if nothing had happened." Then, still surveying me with pitying astonishment, she said, "And is it true, my poor soul, that your hair has turned gray through all these hardships?"

"No—that is false hair. I don't want any one to know me."

"No, no, of course not."

"I didn't intend to let you know me, but I could not help it."

"I promise you I will [illegible] shall hear a word of this from me, not even my poor master, [illegible] What a ruin! And to think that I am to blame for it all!"

"You?"

"Certainly. Didn't I do all in my power to throw you together? Did I ever [illegible] to see M. Taras [illegible] into the front room to pay his respects to you? Didn't I foresee [illegible] first, that he would make you his wife in the end?"

"He, who?" I asked in bewilderment.

"Why, that M. Gordon, to be sure. Whom else could I mean?"

I saw at last what was in Mere Lucas' mind, and the discovery took my breath away.

"And does Taras believe also that we eloped in that way—Mr. Gordon and I?"

Mere Lucas shrugged her shoulders, spread out her hands, [illegible] an involuntary chuckle that shook her abundant person, and then, with becoming gravity, replied:

"Mon Dieu! what else could he believe?"

"Taras thinks I left him to go there?" I returned [illegible] incredulously.

I fancy Mere Lucas thought I was going a little too far, for she said in a tone of expostulation:

"Be reasonable, now it's all over, madame. You must not expect too much. To be sure, my dear master has never uttered a word that betrayed the slightest suspicion of your fault, but what could he think? You and M. Gordon disappear the same evening without leaving a word behind you, and all that we ever hear of you afterward is that M. Gordon drew all his money out of the bank the day after your flight. For a week before he came to see you every day, and your behavior was so odd as even to perplex me. You go out together one evening, and the next day you are so ill that anyone could see something serious had happened—that some final arrangement had been made and some great event was about to take place. Come, come, madame! And how can one doubt what had happened when everything is done so secretly, and no word of excuse or pretense is sent to give things a respectable appearance afterward, look you!"

CHAPTER XLI.
PAST ENDURING.

I should certainly have blurted out the whole truth to clear myself and Gordon from this monstrous imputation, but that while I was pausing for the words to come Mere Lucas said:

"One may live to be old and yet be no wiser for it, look you. An old woman may mistake the good for the bad and the bad for the good like an inexperienced child. Look, for example, how shamefully I misjudged that good M. Kavanagh."

Again that name brought me to my senses.

"Do you see Mr. Kavanagh often?" I asked.

"Oh, there's not a week passes but he comes down to spend a day or two with us. I don't know what we should do without him in our misfortune."

I looked around, at a loss to know what misfortune she alluded to.

"It seems very pleasant here," I ventured to observe.

"Pleasant is not the word for it, my dear. It's a paradise," she said in a weak melancholy tone. "I should like you to see the rooms. They are beautiful, and it is no trouble to keep them nice, for here there is no dust, no smoke, no smuts, and the linen keeps its color and does not need washing every day. And the garden! It is a real picture already with spring flowers. And there are birds in every bush. That is one of the reasons why M. Kavanagh bought it."

"Mr. Kavanagh bought it!" I said in perplexity.

"He bought it for my poor master, because, look you"—the old woman paused, her thick lips quivered, and she put her apron to her eyes and sobbed—"because he said he must go where he could hear birds."

I was touched by the old woman's grief, though still at a loss to understand the cause of it.

"And there's a kitchen garden," she pursued somewhat inconsequently. "The young radishes are ready for the table. To look at them gives one an appetite."

She dried her eyes, but in the same mournful voice continued:

"A poultry yard, too, and the fowls are laying more eggs than I know what to do with—delicious eggs, with whites like a curd. You saw the carriage?"

"Yes."

"M. Kavanagh found that for us also, and Johnson, the driver, a most obliging man, who manages the garden and is always willing to do anything for me."

She heaved a quivering sigh and shook her head mournfully.

"Perhaps you don't care for a country life?" I suggested.

"Mon Dieu! I would never leave it for an hour if I could help it."

"Do you find the house too large? Is there more than you can do?"

"Not a bit. The house is large, to be sure, but we only occupy part of it yet awhile. M. Kavanagh said we must have plenty of rooms for friends when they come to see us, but up to now the master has not had the wish to invite many people here. It is enough for him to see M. Kavanagh now and then and to have Miss Judith to walk with him and tap the piano in the evening."

"Miss Judith!" They were not married then. But my jealousy leaped into flame again as I learned that Taras was satisfied with her society alone, and an envious pang shot through me to know that she had found a means of pleasing him that was beyond me.

"Does she play well?" I asked [illegible].

Mere Lucas' lip twitched again.

"I can't tell you," she said. "When they begin to play music, I go up to my room. It is more than I can bear."

"Is she always here?" I asked.

"She has been here ever since Christmas, and that was all through M. Kavanagh, for, you see, she was a governess at his sister's, and he persuaded her to let Miss Judith come, seeing that the master could not do without some one. She has gone up to London today."

"I saw her."

"There are pigeons, too," Mere Lucas proceeded after a moment's mournful reflection. "I heard young ones squeaking up in the hayloft a week ago. I must ask Mr. Johnson to fetch them down for me when they're big enough for the spit. Yes, there is everything the imagination can desire here; but, mon Dieu, what are all these things worth if one hasn't the heart to enjoy them!"

"But," I urged in perplexity, "why haven't you the heart?"

"Because it is living—because it has feeling in it," she replied [illegible]. Then, seeing by my face that it was not want of feeling that made me dull, she cried:

"You know what has happened to the master?"

"I know nothing. I came here to learn what has passed since I went away."

"You saw him this morning?"

"For a moment. He was smiling, I thought."

"What, my poor dear! You have heard nothing? It was in the papers."

"I have not seen any papers. I have been—a long way from England."

"Forgive me," she said earnestly, taking both my hands and looking [illegible] my face, "forgive me. I thought you must know, and that your heart had grown hard and selfish, [illegible] with its own pain. Oh, my dear friend, it is [illegible] the misfortunes of others, you have a [illegible] his grief to bear. From my soul I pity you."

"Tell me all," I entreated.

"Mon Dieu! [illegible] How can I relate the history? What [illegible] say to give you courage? How can I begin?"

"Tell me all," I repeated. "Begin from the day I went away."

"Our troubles began then, to be sure. I was surprised when I went [illegible]

[illegible]

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

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[illegible]

OLSON & GILBERT,
Editors and Publishers.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 8, 1893.

[illegible] INTRODUCTION.

A few of the many readers of the MINER seem to have an idea that because Mr. Rogers has left the editorial chair of this paper, the MINER does not need their support; but, friends, you are mistaken. We have a great [illegible] in you and all friends of the MINER, and, in fact, all that relates to the welfare of McKean county. It is true we are strangers to most of you, but we have your interest at heart. Our aim will be to make the MINER (as it has always been) a home paper, one that you can take into your family circle without fear of finding anything in its columns that would injure the morals of the wife of your bosom or your sons and daughters. We wish to talk to you each week as we would talk to an old friend at our own fireside, and discuss matters that are of interest to you, and by this means assist each other. We expect, if the sheriff permits, to make this our future home. McKean county will become as dear to us as it is to you now. What paper gives the quickest notice of the approach of scoundrels or swindlers with traps set ready to catch the unwary? Why, the watchful eye of the editor of your home journal is the one that perceives the signs of approaching danger, and the next issue of the paper brings to your own door the sound of alarm, and thus you are prepared when the scoundrel approaches your home to resist his well laid scheme to lure your hard earnings away from you. Do not hastily turn us from your door. Let us get acquainted first, then if you are dissatisfied with us, the fault is ours, turn us out of doors and we will not murmur. To any of the subscribers of the MINER who feel like discontinuing the paper, we make this proposition. Take it three or four weeks and if at the end of that time you are not satisfied with the paper drop us a postal and we will discontinue sending the paper to you. It shall not cost you a cent, only your postal card. As old friends of the MINER we ask this favor of you.

THE Lehigh strike ended as usual—nothing gained.

HOW happy the President would be if the Senate and House were Republican.

GEN. LILLY died at his home in Mauch Chunk, Pa., Dec. 1, 1893, from a complication of diseases.

THE overwhelming Democratic majority in the House of Representatives will drag the party down to ruin. They are doomed. "Handwriting on the wall."

THE MINER respectfully suggests the name of Hon. H. C. McCormick, of Williamsport, Pa., as a candidate for Congressman-at-large.

THE British ship, Jason, went ashore at Highland Light, Mass., 20 men perishing. Only one of the whole crew was saved. Three life saving crews worked all night to save them, but without avail.

It's supposed to be hard enough now for a rich man to get into heaven. If an income tax is established he'll hardly be likely to want himself to.—Philadelphia Times. No danger, but what there will be swearing enough if the income tax bill is passed.

THE President's message is received by England with a great deal of pleasure. The London press unite in complimenting the President on his statesmanship and his determination to carry out his free trade policy. Comment is unnecessary; even the blind can see.

SENATOR PEFFER says he will fight the Wilson Tariff bill. He thinks the the bill is made up against the farmers. He is very bitter against placing wool on the free list, and opposes the destruction of the bounty on sugar. A bounty is essential in developing the production of sugar in the west.—Kansas City Journal. Senator Peffer very likely [illegible] a barber lately.

POOR Democratic party. You are to be pitied. In 1892 the platform on which you stood pronounced the McKinley bill unconstitutional. Now the greater portion of the Democratic press throughout the land are trying to make the people believe that the Wilson bill is a protective measure. "Swinging around the circle." Send for the spirit of Andrew Johnson to guide you, as he had a wonderful experience in circular work.

THE Democratic warhorse and Senatorial leader, the Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, denounces the pension policy of the administration, declaring it to be a serious mistake, and one that will cost the party many thousands of votes. This ought to satisfy the doubting ones that the Republicans are not defending the pensioners merely for political effect. Mr. Voorhees is not the only Democrat who recognizes the injustice that is being done by his own party.—Erie Republican. Ye gods, what next? A Daniel come to judgment.

[illegible] Saturday's copy of the MINER was returned to this office marked "refused." It made us sad. After looking up the date we rejoiced, as we found [illegible] July 31, 1893. Col. Rogers, [illegible] our subscribers a very [illegible] by [illegible] a man [illegible] for almost ten years, [illegible] him for such a long period the [illegible] your mind and pen, to [illegible] the expense of labor and [illegible]. Such a thing is [illegible] by us, but we will live in [illegible] the rest of the friends of [illegible] will give it better support.

MISTAKES OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR ORGANIZATION.

"Unity is strength," but too much of it becomes weakness. While we are in perfect sympathy with the laboring classes we wish to have a little talk with them in regard to the duties they owe to their employers, their wives, little ones and to themselves as self respecting citizens of this great government. As members of these societies you bind yourselves by a solemn oath to abide by and obey all its laws, and especially the orders of your head officers.

Now, for instance, if there are one hundred members in your society—fifty with families and the remaining single men—the single men, or any one of the members, may become dissatisfied with their employer, wages or hours of labor and begin to urge the necessity of a strike. They will keep on urging the matter, until a sufficient number or a majority of members vote "aye," and the strike is on. You who have families to maintain are left without means to keep the wolf from the door, bound by your oath to the brotherhood, at variance with your employer—what are you to do in the case? Invariably these strikes occur on trunk lines of railroads, whereby the great public is inconvenienced and, if carried too far, the Governor of your State or the power of the general government is invoked. Then what is your condition? No work, no money and nothing to feed your wife and little ones. Sad, indeed, is such a lot, but an almost every day occurrence in this great land. When these great labor unions are formed, the cry is raised by the organizers, "by uniting we will gain more liberty and be more able to maintain our rights," but instead of more liberty, you simply put a rope around your own neck that will be the means of dragging you to despair, and cause your wife and little ones to go hungry.

Bear this in mind, that capital can exist for a certain length of time without labor, but the existence of labor is very short without the aid of capital. Unite the two in common harmony and wonders can be accomplished. But when placed at sword's points, nothing but ruin can follow. Better be on good terms with your employer than to array yourself against him by joining a society that is antagonistic (as he has come to consider it) to the interest of business. If you have a grievance, go to your employer and, in a frank and honorable way, state your case. If he is a man, you will soon come to an understanding that will be amicable to both. If an agreeable arrangement cannot be made, then a separation is the only honorable way out of the difficulty. Better to leave him in a friendly way than to enter into a strike and cause ill feeling and often serious crime. In the end you leave after your money is all spent without means to help yourself and your job taken by some other person. You then have to seek some other place. Your condition is, indeed, hard, we sympathize sincerely with you.

Look at the late Lehigh Valley strike. The men on the above railroad were ordered out on some trivial, technical point of no importance, whatever, but it caused a serious strike. The Governor was on the point of calling out the militia, but better counsel prevailed; the storm luckily abated and things are gradually assuming their proper course again. Look at the Homestead strike, a little over a year ago. What a terrible calamity to overtake any community. Terrible in its results, nothing gained in the end and only trouble for the employed and employers. So it goes, indefinitely. We have always been laboring men ourselves and expect to continue to earn our living to the end. In all frankness, and the best of intention for your welfare, we say this to you, knowing well it is a tender point with which to deal. We hope you will take it in the same friendly spirit that it is given. We are working for your good. Read it to the companion of your home, consult the matter fairly with her. Our word for it, she will advise you to try kind words first. They not prevailing, then peaceable separation before strife. Soon we will have something to say to your employers as regards their duty to those in their charge.

NOTICE has been served upon the Ways and Means Committee that the Louisiana Senators will fight the sugar schedules of the Wilson bill with tooth and nail. They will be reinforced by the Democratic delegation from their own State in the House and by a number of other Democrats who are directly or indirectly interested in that industry. The *Inquirer* does not mention these facts solely as a matter of news. It directs attention to them more especially to show how utterly imbecile Democrats think the Democratic outcry against the constitutionality of protection when they are the beneficiaries of the protection.—Philadelphia Inquirer. Let the good work go on. This reminds us of the days of '61 and '62 when Democrats were coming into the Republican ranks faster than sheep could jump over a stone wall. Their own production makes them sick. Good.

ANOTHER American girl rues the day she married a foreign title. Young Miss Bryant, daughter of Mrs. John W. Mackay, wife of the California millionaire, in 1885 married Prince Ferdinand Galatro Colonna, a macaroni eating Dago adventurer, poor as a church mouse, proud as Lucifer and yet a thorough-paced loafer of the worst type. The young American had scarcely been united to the fellow when he began to abuse her, rob her, cause her shame and distress her in various ways. Things went on from bad to worse until finally the poor woman could no longer bear the abuse and insults from the brute whom she was compelled to call husband, and she has asked for a legal separation. In this proceeding she is backed by her mother and Mr. Mackay, and there can be no doubt of her ultimate success and freedom from one of the meanest scoundrels in existence. And yet, when we look it all over, we don't pity the girl very much. She knew the loafer before she married him, and she should have been prepared for the inevitable.—Harrisburg Telegraph. Better live an old maid than lead such a life.

[illegible] OF THE MESSAGE.

Owing to the President's message failing to reach us in time for press, we give our readers an able editorial from the Philadelphia Press, which we hope will be more pleasing to most of our readers than wading through such a lengthy jumble of words as the message contains:

President Cleveland's message will completely disappoint the country. Not in what it says, but in what it does not say, for a more tame, empty, inane message could not well be framed. Congress has rarely met with graver or more momentous questions demanding high statesmanship, comprehensive grasp and sure decision. The country expected a virile and illuminating discussion of these transcendent subjects which, whether approved or not, would at least command respect by its vigor and strength. Instead of such a positive and robust treatment, we have nothing but a feeble, rapid summary of department reports, such as any chief clerk might have made. The message shows a strange lack both of grit and grip.

This spiritless, colorless, inconclusive method runs through every topic and branch of the paper. So far as it can be judged from its text, there is a surprising failure to appreciate the gravity of some of the pending issues. Here is the treasury face to face with a deficit which is quite likely to reach seventy or seventy-five millions for the current fiscal year. The gold balance is nearly down to eighty millions. This is a situation which every thoughtful observer must regard with deep concern, not merely as embarrassing the government, but as involving danger to the foundation and security of our currency. Yet President Cleveland touches it in the lightest manner possible. Without any warrant he first puts the deficit at less than half what it is certain to be, and then dismisses it with the simple expectation that the new tariff and internal revenue measures will provide sufficient revenue. What shall be done to meet the deficit now he does not suggest at all. He wants the power to issue bonds freed from doubt, but whether he has any thought of making an issue he doesn't indicate.

The only point where there is any approach to serious discussion is the tariff question. It is tailed on to the end of the message as if it were an after thought, and even here it has a dull, perfunctory, mechanical tone in strange contrast with the vigor of the President's former treatment. The argument has no originality and no force. If there was any hope in any quarter that the President would restrain and moderate the crusade against the nation's industries, it is doomed to disappointment. He commits himself squarely and unreservedly to the Wilson bill, and practically pledges the power of the Administration to its passage. The only news in the message is the announcement that the tariff bill which is destructive both to revenue and industry is to be pieced out with a tax on the incomes of corporations. Without being what is commonly understood as an income tax, this is a tax on investors, and it is not likely to prove any more acceptable.

Upon the burning question of Hawaii the President suppresses all information and evades every issue. He pursues his policy of treating the judgment of the country with contempt, and keeping it in ignorance of his plans. It is plain now that Mr. Gresham's letter never would have been published as it was, had it not been supposed that the infamous scheme of restoring the monarchy was already consummated and would soon become known. Since the revelation was made, while the scheme miscarried at least for the time, the President says nothing now beyond repeating Mr. Gresham's assertion, whose falsity has been overwhelmingly established. He does not disclose his instructions to Minister Willis. He does not define how he proposes to set up the Hawaiian throne again. He does not submit his action to Congress or the people. He simply tells them in substance that after he shall have worked out his project he will let them know all about it. It is a contemptuous disregard of the right of the people and their representatives to understand and review the action of the government on this vital question. It will be strange if this extraordinary attitude does not invoke an immediate response. Congress ought to call at once for all the papers. It ought to take prompt action to prevent the consummation of this threatened crime against the American nation and against Hawaii.

The other portions of the message are of small consequence. They are for the most part simply a dull and dreary recital of the inconsequential matters of administrative routine. In only one point does the President rise out of these jejune repetitions, and that is in dealing with the pension question. Here he gets a little hot in his assumption and denunciation of alleged frauds. But he mistakes the real question. Nobody objects to but everybody approves the exposure and stoppage of frauds. What has excited so much indignation is the course of Secretary Hoke Smith in assuming that old pensioners were guilty until they proved their innocence, and this question the President does not meet at all. His whole message will be a painful surprise to the country which looked for a paper that should at least show a just sense of the present exigencies and which finds a document as dull as a Patent Office report.

SECOND STAGE OF CATARRH.

Things that Thousands Know by Bitter Experience.

The second stage of catarrh is sometimes called an "old cold." A neglected cold has settled in the head, nose, throat, larynx, bronchial tubes, lungs, or other organ of the body. If it settles in the head it may produce roaring, cracking in the ears, headache, and confusion of the senses; if in the nose, a more or less abundant discharge, sneezing, noisy breathing, and thickened membranes; if in the throat, hawking, enlarged tonsils, sore throat, follicular pharyngitis (preacher's sore throat); if in the larynx, hoarseness, weakness of voice, aphonia (loss of voice) if the bronchial tubes, cough, pain in the chest, expectoration, and loss of appetite. Unless something is done to put a stop to this state of things the third stage of chronic catarrh is sure to set in, which is not only hard to bear, but difficult to cure. Pe-ru-na will cure all cases of catarrh in the second stage if used without interruption. Directions for use accompany each bottle, although some cases find it to their advantage to send to Dr. Hartman for his directions for one month's treatment. (Sent free.)

The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing company of Columbus, Ohio, are sending free to any address their latest book on catarrh, entitled "Climatic Diseases"—a book well worth reading.

Four Big Successes.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the Great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at F. R. Foster's and A. B. Armstrong's drug store.

HEADQUARTERS for robes, blankets, etc., at [illegible] & [illegible]. [illegible]

[illegible]

The Smethport MINER appeared last week under new management, Messrs. Olson and Gilbert, who are enterprising young men. Their first number is newsy and bright, and the MINER will doubtless continue so in the future. The Times wishes the MINER and its proprietors success and prosperity.—Johnsonburg Times.

Bert Olson and T. F. Gilbert of Coudersport, have purchased the Smethport MINER and taken possession of the same. Mr. Gilbert is a practical printer and Mr. Olson is a wide awake business man. No trouble but what they will get there.—Sentinel.

The Smethport MINER under its new management is bound to continue one of the leading and influential papers of the State. A master hand in the newspaper profession, evidently had hold of its columns last week.—Kane Republican. Ha! Ha! Brother Twilley, step forward, don't blush, raise your hat and make your best bow, and thus acknowledge a deserved compliment coming from such an able critic as Col. Rogers.

Prof. I. L. Twilley is too modest, he will not step out but nevertheless returns thanks for the above deserved compliment. We know he is an able editor. From the many credentials in his possession—many of whose signers are personally known to us—we are also satisfied that he will compare with the best as an educator. The Smethport schools under his management are sure to be a success.

LATEST from England says: "Free trade Queen Vic, is curling her bangs, putting her widow's cap on straight and dressing in her prettiest gown. She is casting sly glances over the water at the portly form of the President, trying her best to cut out Queen Lil." The latest from Washington is a soliloquy by the President: "How happy I could be with either were the other dear charmer away." 'Twas ever thus. "Too many strings to the bow always causes trouble."

LET Congress act promptly by passing the Tariff bill. Give the people a chance to see its effect on the affairs of the country. It certainly will not make better times. It can only make worse. If it becomes necessary to take an emetic the sooner it is taken the better for the patient. The American people will soon discover the effect it will have on the situation, and will soon purge the matter by the use of the ballot and cleanse the Augean stables, at the capitol of the nation.

IN commenting on the President's message the Philadelphia *Times* says editorially: "A message of this kind necessarily contains a great deal of dry reading." Yes it is dry, very dry, and, if fully carried out, it will make very *dry feeding* for a great many people in the land.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cleanses, purifies and heals. It was made for that purpose. Use it for burns, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, sores of all descriptions and if you have piles use it for them. A. B. Armstrong.

Not one minute elapses between the taking of One Minute Cough Cure and relief. Why shouldn't people take One Minute Cough Cure? They should. They do. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Do not suppose that because it is recommended for animals that Arnica & Oil Liniment is an offensive preparation. It will not stain clothing or the fairest skin. For Sale by H. C. Wells.

Auditor's Notice.

T. J. Reynolds vs. Reynolds Lumber Company. } In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county. [illegible] No. [illegible], October Term, 1893. No. [illegible], October Term, 1893.

Having been appointed Auditor by the Court to make distribution of the money paid into Court, in the above entitled case, I will attend to the duties of such appointment at my office, in Smethport, McKean county, Pennsylvania, on Friday, December [illegible], 1893, at 10 o'clock a. m. All persons having claims on said fund will appear and make the same known at the time and place above mentioned, or thereafter be forever debarred from participating in said fund.

JOHN F. APPLE, Auditor.

Smethport, Pa., December 7, 1893.

1894.

Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1894 will maintain the character that has made it the favorite illustrated periodical for the home. Among the results of enterprises undertaken by the publishers, there will appear during the year superbly illustrated papers on India by Edwin Lord Weeks, on the Japanese Seasons by Alfred Parsons, on Germany by Poultney Bigelow, on Paris by Richard Harding Davis, and the [illegible] by Frederic Remington.

Among the other notable features of the year will be novels by George du Maurier and Charles Dudley Warner, the personal reminiscences of W. D. Howells, and eight short stories of Western frontier life by Owen Wister. Short stories will also be contributed by Brander Matthews, Richard Harding Davis, Mary E. Wilkins, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Miss Laurence Alma Tadema, George A. Hibbard, Quesnay de Beaurepaire, Thomas Nelson Page, and others. Articles on topics of current interest will be contributed by distinguished specialists.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at the time of receipt of order. Bound volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $3.00 per volume. Cloth cases, for binding, 50 cents each—by mail, post-paid.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.

Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

1894.

Harper's Bazar.

ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S BAZAR is a journal for the home. It gives the fullest and latest information about Fashions, and its numerous illustrations, Paris designs, and pattern-sheet supplements are indispensable alike to the home dress-maker and the professional modiste. No expense is spared to make its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its bright stories, amusing comedies, and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. The Serials for 1894 will be written by William Black and Walter Besant. Short stories will be written by Mary E. Wilkins, Maria Louise Pool, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Marion Harland and others. Outdoor Sports and In-door Games, Social Entertainment, Embroidery, and other interesting topics will receive constant attention. A new series is promised of "Coddles and Kittens."

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

The Volumes of the BAZAR begin with the first Number of January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of HARPER'S BAZAR for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7.00 per volume.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1.00 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.

Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI FACIAS, Levari Facias and Alias Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1893,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

The defendant's interest in all that certain lot situate in the township of Eldred, county of McKean and state of Pa., bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post corner of land conveyed to Franklin Mix, lot No. 111; thence north 41 perches to a post corner in east line of land contracted to Benjamin Bunker lot No. 108; thence east 42 perches to a post corner; thence south 19 perches to a post corner; thence east 22 perches to a post corner; thence south 44 perches to a post corner in the west line of lot [illegible]; thence west 64 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 23½ acres more or less. Being lending lot No. 113 said Eldred township and part of Warrant No. 2107. Having thereon a good spring of water, otherwise unimproved. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Frank Pallman, defendant, Albina J. Keller, now Albina J. Spencer, and I. Roberts, assignee of F. Pallman, Terre Tenants, at the suit of Benj. H. Lamphier, now use of Walter B. Archibald.

A. N. Hays, plaintiff's attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, county of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Known as lot "V" of G. C. Whitney's lots on Corydon street in Bradford city, as per map and survey of F. M. Webster, Nov. 1883, said maps being now on file in the Recorder's office in Smethport, Pa., in deed book 54, at page 459, said lot being 50 feet front on Corydon street and running back to the West Branch of the Tuna Creek. Having situate thereon one frame dwelling house and usual out buildings.

Seized, taken in execution, and I will be sold as the property of Cornelius K. Kinsely, at the suit of the National Saving and Loan Association.

C. E. Judd, plaintiff's attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract, piece, parcel or lot of land in Hamlin township, McKean county and state of Pennsylvania, being lot 29, east on Kane street, in the village of Mount Jewett, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post the northeast corner of lot 28 east; thence by the south side of Kane street (thirty feet from the center thereof) north sixty-three degrees thirty minutes east fifty feet to a post; thence by lot 30 south twenty-six degrees thirty minutes, east one hundred-fifty feet to a post; thence south sixty-three degrees thirty minutes west seventy feet; thence on a straight course to the place of beginning. Containing nine thousand square feet more or less, being part of Warrant 2113, being same land conveyed to the said Flora Ann Groat by Elizabeth D. Kane by deed dated February 10th, A. D. 1891, and recorded in the Recorder's office in and for McKean county, in deed book No. 6[illegible], page [illegible], etc., and the above is subject to all the reservations in said deed contained.

Also—All that certain other piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the township, county and state aforesaid, bounded and described as follows: Being a sixty-fifty feet front on Kane street, in the village of Mount Jewett, and running back therefrom one hundred and fifty feet and adjoining the above described lot on the east, being the same lot contracted to be sold by Elizabeth D. Kane to L. A. Groat and same said lot which the name of said L. A. Groat now stand. Having situate thereon one large two story and basement frame hotel building and usual out buildings.

Seized, taken in execution, and will be sold as the property of Flora Ann Groat and L. A. Groat, her husband, at the suit of Daniel H. [illegible].

J. W. Bouton, plaintiff's attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of land situate in the township of Bradford, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a corner on the north side of the Buffalo, Bradford & Pittsburg Railroad on the division line of the Taite and [illegible] lots, as per George Y. [illegible] survey, Sept. 20, 1878, thence in the easterly along the line of said Railroad 72 or 100 rods to a corner; thence north 15 rods to a corner; thence west along the south line of Whalen lot [illegible] rods to a corner; thence north along line of Whalen lot [illegible] rods to a corner on Washington street, thence west on line of Washington street 1 rod to a corner, thence south on division lines between Taite and [illegible] 32 rods to the place of beginning. Containing [illegible] acres more or less, and being the east ½ of the Taite and [illegible] lots, and being the same land [illegible] conveyed to James [illegible] and William [illegible] by Joan [illegible] and wife, by deed dated Feb'y 14, 1884, and recorded in the Recorder's office in and for McKean County March 14, 1884, in deed book, Vol. "[illegible]" at page [illegible], etc. Excepting and reserving from the above, however, one piece of land 50 feet x 55 feet, conveyed to [illegible] by deed recorded in deed book, Vol. "[illegible]" at page 135, etc., and one piece of land [illegible] feet conveyed to John [illegible] by deed recorded in deed book, Vol. "[illegible]" at page [illegible], etc. Improved and having thereon one [illegible] story frame dwelling house, one barn and other out buildings.

Seized, taken in execution, and will be sold as the property of William Larkin, at the suit of John Dowse, use Christian Dowse and Robert Hawkins, Administrators, now for use of C. F. Byrnes.

M. H. Byles, plaintiff's attorney.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the borough of Kane, McKean county and state of Pennsylvania, part of warrant No. 4[illegible], being lot No. 1[illegible] Haines street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the north line of Haines street, three hundred feet [illegible] from the northeast corner of Haines and Yarnell streets; thence parallel to Yarnell street by lot No. 1[illegible], south twenty degrees west [illegible] feet to a post; thence parallel to Haines street [illegible] seventy degrees east [illegible] feet to a street; thence parallel to Yarnell street [illegible] twenty degrees east [illegible] and forty-five feet [illegible] in the north side of Haines street; thence by the north side of Haines street [illegible] to the place of beginning [illegible]. [illegible]

Seized, taken in execution, and will be sold as the property of [illegible], at the suit of [illegible].

J. T. & W. Gordon,
W. [illegible], plaintiff's attorneys.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land [illegible] one fourth of square No. eighty five [illegible] the plat of the borough of Smethport, McKean county, Penna., bounded and described as follows: [illegible] beginning at the south [illegible] in the intersection of [illegible] Water streets; thence along the [illegible] street north [illegible] degrees, [illegible] sixty-one degrees east eight and one fourth perches; [illegible] south eight perches to the north line of Water street, thence along said north line of Water street south sixty-one degrees west eight and one fourth perches to the place of beginning, being [illegible] undivided one and six of said square [illegible] conveyance is made in pursuance of a contract entered into on the 30th day of March, 18[illegible] between Lorina [illegible] and J. J. [illegible] and Frank [illegible] Vicary and [illegible] being said their interest in said contract to be parties of the second part named in this conveyance and being the same land conveyed to Frank [illegible] and S. F. [illegible] by [illegible] Rogers and wife by deed dated April 14, 1885, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean county, April 18th, 1885 in deed book No. "[illegible]" at page [illegible], etc. Improved and having thereon one large frame [illegible], one board barn and one board wagon shed.

Seized, taken in execution, and will be sold as the property of Frank [illegible] and Samuel F. [illegible], at the suit of J. F. Johnson, E. M. Johnson and C. N. Stowell.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece of land situate in Foster township, McKean county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post and stones the southwest corner of lot No. 64 and the the northwest corner of lot No. 64; thence north 67 degrees 22 minutes east 63 3-10 rods to a post and stones; thence east 19 4-10 rods to a post and stones; thence south 12 rods to a post and stones; thence north 83 degrees east 117 3-10 rods to an iron post; thence south 5 degrees east 2 4-10 rods to a post and stones; thence north 88 degrees east 35 4-10 rods to a post and stones and iron post; thence south 2 degrees east 67 8-10 rods to a post and stones; thence south 88 degrees west 190 2-10 rods to a post and stones; thence north 27 degrees 20 minutes east 22 rods to a post and stones; thence south 10 degrees west 97 rods to a post and stones in tract line; thence along the tract line 65 7-10 rods north to the place of beginning. Containing 153 ½ acres of land in warrant 3331 more or less. Excepting and reserving from the operation of this grant or conveyance all the timber and timber trees on 25 acres of said land as excepted and reserved in deed from John M. Dickey and others to John J. Carter recorded in deed book 13, page 434. Together with the thirty-one oil wells on the above described land and the derricks, engines, boilers, machinery, tubing, casing, sucker rods, lines of pipe, connections and appurtenances. This mortgage is given to secure the payment of unpaid purchase money, and is made subject to the rights whatever they are of the person or persons in possession of the well known as the Buchanan well, which has heretofore been operated at one fourth royalty. Also subject to the rights of one Moran to occupy a house on said land for the unexpired portion of a term of five years.

Seized, taken in execution, and will be sold as the property of Albert H. Gregory and John F. Lawson, at the suit of John J. Carter.

Chas. Gibbs Carter, plaintiff's attorney.

8.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece of land situate in the city of Bradford, McKean county and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point distant southerly on the west side of Maplewood Ave. one hundred and ten (110) feet from the southwest corner of Maplewood Ave. and Forest streets; thence westerly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence southerly and parallel with Maplewood Ave. thirty (30) feet to a point; thence easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to a point; thence northerly along the west line of Maplewood Ave. thirty (30) feet to the place of beginning being lot No. 2, of Maplewood Ave. addition to the Second Ward of Bradford city as mapped and surveyed and platted by F. M. Webster, surveyor 1883, said map being recorded in the Recorder's Office at Smethport, Penna., in deed book Vol. 57, page 303, etc., on the 22nd day of July, 1883. The above grant is made subject to lease for oil purposes from Ruby N. Kingsbury to A. H. Taylor dated August 2, 1883, and the oil and mineral right in and to the above described land is hereby reserved to F. A. Newell his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns. Being the same land conveyed to M. W. Newell by F. A. Newell, Aug. 13th, 1883, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean county in deed book Vol. 58, page 441, etc. Which premises became vested in first party by virtue of various mesne conveyances with all and singular the appurtenances, and having thereon erected one one story frame dwelling house and usual out buildings.

Seized, taken in execution, and will be sold as the property of John W. McCoy, at the suit of [illegible].

[illegible], plaintiff's attorney.

10.

Defendant's interest in all that parcel of land situate in the State of Pennsylvania and county of McKean. Beginning at a point in the center of the road on line of lands of W. L. Christman and the south line of land formerly occupied by M. Carroll; thence by said line north [illegible] degrees west [illegible] perches to the bank of the Allegheny river; thence by the bank of said river north [illegible] degrees east 21.0 perches; thence south 77 degrees east 8.7 perches to a post; thence north 5½ degrees east 8.7 perches to the center of the public road; thence by center of said road south 15½ degrees west 31.8 perches to place of beginning. Containing 1 56-100 acres, in warrant No. [illegible], Eldred township. Improved and having thereon two boilers in stone arch.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of M. Warner at the suit of W. L. Christman.

L. B. Mayo, plaintiff's attorney.

11.

Defendants' interest in a lot of land, situate in the township of Norwich, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and described as follows, viz: Being part of warrant 2303 and bounded as follows: Beginning at an original hemlock being the southwest corner of warrant 2303; thence north on west line of same two hundred and fifteen (215) rods to post corner; thence west three hundred and forty (340) rods to post corner; thence south two hundred and fifteen (215) rods to post corner in north line of warr't [illegible]; thence east on same three hundred and forty (340) rods to place of beginning. Containing four hundred and fifty-six and nine tenths (456.9) acres and having thereon two two story board houses, about 25 young fruit trees, about 30 acres cleared.

Seized, taken in execution, and will be sold as the property of John Smith, Charles F. Hall, at the suit of The Pennsylvania Company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities Executor of the will of John J. Ridgway, deceased.

John N. Apple, plaintiff's attorney.

12.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate lying and being in Foster township, McKean county and state of Pennsylvania, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit: On the north by land formerly of J. H. Dingman and others; on the east by land formerly of M. A. Chamberlain; south by south line of warrant No. 3334; and on the west by land formerly of [illegible] Davis. Containing fifty acres of land more or less in warrant No. 3334 and being the same land conveyed to Jerry Frederick by F. J. Chamberlain and wife by deed dated Jany 4, 1881, recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean county, May 16, 1883, in deed book No. 45 page 115, etc., and having thereon ten (10) oil wells, three (3) board dwelling houses and about 25 acres improved.

Seized, taken in execution, and will be sold as the property of George M. Hayes, at the suit of William Neil, executor of the last will and testament of Jeremiah Fredrick, deceased, ad sectum.

W. B. Chapman, plaintiff's attorney.

13.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the city of Bradford, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, known as lot No. 52, the north part of lot No. 150 and part of lot No. 151 of Whitney & Wheeler's addition to Bradford, as per survey and plot of L. Gordon 1877-78, said map of survey being recorded in deed book 23, page 60, in the Recorder's Office in Smethport, said county of McKean, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the southwest corner of said lot No. 51; thence northerly along the line of Bushnell street twenty-five feet; thence easterly along line lot contracted to Robert Stafford, one hundred feet; thence southerly along the land of the Church of Ascension twenty-five feet; thence westerly along land sold N. [illegible] one hundred feet to the place of beginning. And having thereon one frame dwelling House and usual out buildings.

Seized, taken in execution, and will be sold as the property of Jacob B. Frank, at the suit of H. E. Moss.

Sheridan Gorton, plaintiff's attorney.

14.

The defendant's interest in all those certain tracts of land situate, lying and being in Corydon township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, and described as follows: All of warrant number thirty-seven hundred and thirty-one (3731) except about three hundred (300) acres heretofore conveyed containing exclusive of said reservation about seven hundred (700) acres, more or less; also warrant number thirty-seven hundred and fourteen (3714) excepting one hundred (100) acres heretofore conveyed containing exclusive of said reservation ten hundred (1000) acres, more or less. Being same premises conveyed to said S. S. Bulis by Sarah A. Richardson, Lizzie M. Richardson, Edwin S. Richardson and Hannah G. Harmon, by deed dated the 21st day of January, A. D. 1888, and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean county, Penna., in Deed Book Vol. 62, page 101, etc. Unimproved.

Also—The undivided one-half (½) of all that certain tract of land situate, lying and being in the township of Corydon, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, being the northeast part of warrant number thirty-seven hundred and fourteen (3714), bounded north and east by the respective north and east bounds of said warrant and comprising subdivisions lots numbers one, two, seven and eight (1, 2, 7 and 8) Gorton's survey of said warrant, containing one hundred (100) acres, more or less. Being the same interest and the same premises conveyed to said S. S. Bulis by Sarah A. Richardson, Lizzie M. Richardson, E. S. Richardson and Jennie A. Richardson by deed dated dated January 23, 1888, and recorded on March 5, 1888, in Deed Book Vol. 62, page 101, etc. Unimproved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of S. S. Bulis at the suit of Abram J. Hazeltine and David L. Hall, Administrators of the Estate of Loving A. Robertson, deceased.

W. W. Brown and H. H. North, Plff's Att'ys.

WALTER GRUBB, Sheriff.

Sheriff's office, Smethport, Pa., Nov. 21, 1893.

Notice.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF EXECUTORS, Administrators and Guardians having been settled in the office of the Register, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the second Monday of December A. D. 1893.

First and final account of D. C. Young, Administrator, c. t. a. of the estate of Adaliza T. [illegible], deceased.

First and final account of Gilbert Moody, Administrator of the estate of A. H. Cory, deceased.

First and final account of L. M. Finney, Administrator, c. t. a. of the estate of Mrs. J. W. [illegible], deceased.

First account of C. W. Melvin, Administrator of the estate of John F. Melvin, deceased.

First and final account of Reuben J. Mott, Administrator of the estate of Benjamin Gibson, deceased.

First and partial account of C. H. Kennedy, Administrator of the estate of Harris C. Kennedy, deceased.

First and final account of Nathan R. Bard, guardian of Lay Barrett, minor child of Jay Barrett deceased.

First and final account of Emeline C. King, guardian of Mary Williams, minor child.

J. M. McELROY, Register.
H. M. CHOATE, Deputy.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 11, 1893.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 18, June Term, 1893.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania, to the sheriff of said county greeting:

Whereas, Henry Sunderland did, on the 27th day of February, 1893, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ann P. Sunderland.

We therefore command you, the said Ann P. Sunderland, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of said Henry Sunderland and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Henry Sunderland, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. WALTER GRUBB, Sheriff.
W. J. Milliken, Libellant's Attorney.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 13, 1893.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 176, February Term, 1893.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, F. D. Gamble did, on the 18th day of January 1893, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Gertrude J. Gamble.

We therefore command you, the said Gertrude J. Gamble, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the second Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of said F. D. Gamble and show cause, if any you have, why the said F. D. Gamble, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. WALTER GRUBB, Sheriff.
Berry & Eldrett, Libellant's Attorneys.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 13, 1893.

Central Pharmacy.

FRANK R. FOSTER,

DEALER IN

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Fancy Goods,

TOILET ARTICLES, &C

A FULL LINE OF

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

FRANK R. FOSTER,

PHARMACIST,

Grand Central Hotel Building, Smethport.

NOW IS THE TIME TO [illegible]

We are closing out our parlor goods and fancy oak rockers at [illegible] Look our prices over and call and see the goods.

The following are some of our very low prices:

Large, Spring Edge Tete-a-Tete,	worth	$18.00	for $13.50.
" " " Divan,	"	12.50	" 9.50.
" " " "	"	11.50	" 8.50.
" " " Parlor Rocker,	"	12.50	" 9.50.
" " " " "	"	11.00	" 8.25.
A Fancy " " Gent's Chair,	"	11.00	" 8.00.
Large Oak Rocker, Silk Plush,	"	11.00	" 8.00.
" " " " "	"	10.00	" 7.50.
" " " " "	"	6.50	" 5.00.
" " " " "	"	5.50	" 2.75.
And Our New Oak Rocker,	"	4.00	" 2.90.

We guarantee all goods to be A, No. 1 in every respect.

We pay the freight on all out of town deals.

Thanking our many customers for their past favors and hoping to receive a share of the public patronage in the future, We are as ever

Yours Very Respectfully.

FURNITURE & CARPET CO.,

A. REILLY, Manager, Smethport, Pa.

H. WARSHAFSKY,

The "Fish Man" is doing business four doors west of the W. N. Y. & P. Depot, East Smethport.

He carries a fine line of

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
TOBACCO, &C.

CANDIES!

He has the largest stock of Christmas Candy every displayed in East Smethport, at prices to suit the times.

FRESH OYSTERS,

During the holidays, will be furnished to his patrons for 25 cents per quart.

GLOVES AND MITTENS

His Gloves and Mittens are sold at the lowest prices for the quality.

Examine his stock and be convinced.

STAND BY THE POLICY,

SUBLIME, PATRIOTIC, AND NATIONAL,

OF

AMERICA FOR THE RESIDENTS

of America. Do not abandon the system which gives the country the best Opportunities for its Farmers, Mechanics and Young People, they have ever had! No interference with the Protective Tariff and no Repeal!

TRAMPLE UPON

every proposition for Unlimited Free Coinage of silver Dollars which are worth only 72 cents on the dollar. Make them worth a full dollar. The $145,000,000 of National Bank Notes withdrawn from circulation since 1881 have been replaced by over $325,000,000 of Silver which has been put out. Now make the people's silver money worth its face, for your own benefit!

RESERVE THE PUBLIC LANDS

for actual settlers and save them from monopolies and speculators! Protect and encourage the actual settler!

NO INTERFERENCE

with the progressive policies of the Republican party (repeatedly enacted into law) of building up a new Navy; Protecting the Sea Coasts; Pensioning Union Veterans; excluding the Chinese; Regulating Inter-State Commerce; defending the Common Schools; Protecting American Citizens abroad; Securing Reciprocity with other American Nations; demanding Free Expression of the Popular Will in Elections, and an Honest Count; Extending American Commerce; Reviving American Shipping; Temperance, and Restraining Trusts.

THE SUPERB MARKET REPORTS

of *The N. Y. Tribune* are now positively the best printed by any newspaper in New York City. *The Tribune* is the only newspaper in New York, which sends men personally into every market in the city every day of the business week to obtain actual prices and the state of trade. Other papers make up quotations largely from circulars. Commercial travelers say unanimously that *The Tribune's* Market Reports are best. *The Tribune* now beats all rivals in the accuracy and wonderful completeness of its quotations. To be successful, a practical and level headed man must keep fully informed as to Prices and the State of Trade. This can be done by taking *The Tribune*.

ILLUSTRATIONS

of the news of the day are freely used in *The Tribune*. This paper has its own corps of artists and engraving-plant. It contains features for ladies and children; foreign letters and book reviews, and many special features.

NO MATTER WHETHER

you agree with *The N. Y. Tribune* or not, in its sentiments, can you afford not to read its Dollar Weekly, regularly, while a reactionary party is in power and during

THESE TIMES OF CHANGE?

The N. Y. Tribune is the ablest, most aggressive, and sound est advocate of Republican policies. What the Republican party intends can be learned from *The N. Y. Tribune*. The Tribune's motto is Truth and only the Truth. The articles of Roswell G. Horr, on the Tariff, Currency, Wages, etc. will be continued.

REMEMBER!

The N. Y. Tribune is the cleanest, purest, and safest of newspapers for your family. Does a weekly newspaper which invades the home with immorality, sensation, and falsehood, receive your sanction? The broad columns and large print of *The N. Y. Tribune* makes it the easiest paper to read.

The Tribune has the largest circulation of any Weekly in the United States, issued from the office of Daily. We have challenged the country for a year, with no takers.

"WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL."

Write for the full, illustrated Premium List of *The N. Y. Tribune*. A copy will be mailed, free of charge. "Washington's Farewell to his Officers," an accurate historical picture, painted expressly for *The Tribune* by an artist of great authority, will be sent to every one paying $1.20 for his paper. Other exceedingly and interesting and valuable articles are included in *The Tribune's* list.

TERMS FOR 1894.

Sample copies free. WEEKLY $1. SEMI-WEEKLY, $2. DAILY, including Sunday, $10. *The Sunday Tribune* separately, $2. *Tribune Almanac* for 1894, ready in January, 25 cents, all previous numbers eclipsed.

THE TRIBUNE,
New York.

$40.00 PER WEEK FOR WILLING WORKERS

of either sex, any age, in any part of the country, at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. As capital is not required you run no risk. We supply you with all that is needed. It will cost you nothing to try the business. Any one can do the work. Beginners make money from the start. Failure is unknown with our workers. Every hour you labor you can easily make a dollar. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in three days at any ordinary employment. Send for free book containing the fullest information.

H. HALLETT & CO.,
Box 880,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

FOR OLD MEN.

- Gold Glasses
- Rochester Lamps
- Magnifying Glass
- Oatmeal Sets
- Checker Boards.
- Razor Razors
- Shaving Mugs
- Tobacco Boxes

Twice as many more.

FOR HUSBANDS.

- Silk Umbrellas
- Carving Set
- Moustache Cup
- Order Fine
- Fine Robes
- Cigar Boxes
- Cuff Buttons
- Watch Chains

That's eight from eighty.

FOR BACHELORS.

- Smoking Sets
- Shaving Sets
- Kalamazoo Whist
- Card Boxes
- Fountain Pens
- Thermometers
- Ink Wells
- Soap Boxes

That's not a fifth.

YOUNG MEN.

- Hat Markers
- Cuff and Collar Box
- Watch Fob
- Gold Pen
- Scarf Pins
- Silver Ink Stand
- Picture Frames
- Hat Brush

A hundred such things.

Nine tenths of all that Christmas brings is in this stock. Through the aisles of this store you can get nearly all the suggestions that the world has to give you. It is a mammoth stock —the greatest, cheapest Christmas stock within 100 miles of you.

9
—
10

L. EMERY, JR., & CO.,

Emery & Weaver. Bradford, Pa.

OLD LADIES.

- Rich Tea Cups
- Hand Warmers
- Gold Thimble
- Candle Sticks
- Broth Bowl
- Lunch Tray
- Teapot
- Fern Pots

And two score more.

FOR WIVES.

- Sewing Machines—$45 ones for $19.50
- Dinner Sets
- Toilet Sets
- Cabinets
- Clocks
- Carpet Sweepers
- Silverware

Half our stock is suitable.

YOUNG LADIES.

- Pocket Books
- 5 O'clock Teas
- Manicure Sets
- Fairy Lamps
- Fancy Garters
- Hat Pins
- Brush and Comb
- Jewelry

Art pottery—no limit.

FOR GIRLS.

- Chain and Locket
- Chatelaine Watch
- Armies of Dolls
- Doll Playthings
- 100 Games
- Writing Desks
- Tricycles
- Paints, etc.

The line is endless.

FOR BOYS.

- 200 Toys
- 100 Games
- Printing Press
- Magic Lantern
- Waterbury Watch
- Boats, Guns, Swords
- Engines and Trains
- Tool Chests

We've everything.

FOR BABIES.

- Silver Mugs
- Rattles, etc.
- Gold Ring
- Bread and Milk Set
- Balls and Bells
- Horses and Dogs
- Fur Carriage Robe
- Silver Spoons

All else you can think of.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION WORTH A POUND OF CURE.

Just at this time there is much sickness, and of a nature requiring disenfectants. Many of the most thoughtful people are using them to guard against evil. You will find a full line of these goods with an explanation of their use if desired, at

McCOY'S DRUG STORE,

ODD FELLOW'S BUILDING,

[illegible], PENNA.

The McKean County Miner.
Entered at the post-office at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 8, 1893.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The label on your paper shows the time to which it is paid.

If you change the address of your paper always give the old address as well as the new one.

If you want your paper stopped, pay arrearages, [illegible]

If you do not get the paper regularly [illegible]

☞ Remember that for $2.00 we send the Miner and Philadelphia Weekly [illegible] one year.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—A Stranger.

—Did you give thanks?

—Did you enjoy your turkey?

—Full line of law blanks at this office.

—Old papers at this office, 20 cents per hundred.

—Did you visit the sick and minister to their wants?

—Did you remember the poor in your neighborhood?

—Rooms to rent, terms reasonable. Apply at this office.

—How would Congressman C. L. Wheeler sound?

—Arthur Dunning in "A Stranger," at the Opera House, Dec. 12.

—The Smethport Band is about to start again, after a vacation of several months.

—By the kindness of Mr. Latham, we were able to obtain a very good likeness of Hugh Cummins.

—Harper's Weekly for Thanksgiving is very fine. Engravings are good. "The Last Song of the Robin," is excellent.

—The Furniture and Carpet Co. have a new ad. in this week's paper. Pay Mr. Reilly a visit, and see his elegant stock.

—Of course you remembered the minister of the church, and presented him with a fine turkey, so he would have a feast to be thankful over.

—Bert Stock has purchased the tobacco and candy store of O. A. Backus. Bert is a hustler and no doubt will meet with success in his new investment.

—Through the kindness of a friend an attache of the Miner received a list of the newly elected officers of the K. O. T. M. of this place. They will be published later.

—Mr. Pope, of the Central, has arranged a fine sample room, in the southwest corner of the Central block. It is light and fine and an elegant room to display goods in.

—Arthur Dunning, the comedian, with "A Stranger" Company, is well remembered here by theatre-goers, and his name alone will undoubtedly draw the masses in Smethport, Dec. 12.

—E. Wilson, collector of Otto Township, was arrested Tuesday by officer Burlingame, of this boro, for embezzlement, he non payment of taxes collected. Wilson gave bail in $1500, for his appearance at court.

—A Swede girl employed by Mrs. E. H. Colegrove, found some money Saturday. Owners by describing property can receive it at above residence. C. M. Colegrove called and left the above ad, and gave us a good order besides, come again.

—An exchange tells of a Newburg woman who lost her husband recently, his life being insured for $3,000. The broken hearted woman at once telegraphed to her relatives in the West: "Jim died this week; loss fully covered by insurance."

—In the notice of the Thanksgiving services at St. Luke's church, published last week, the names of the following choristers were accidently omitted. In St. Margaret's Choir: Leona Simar and Aggie McCoy. In the vested choir: Scott Kinfield.

The regular subscription price of the Miner is now $1.25 per annum, if paid in advance. If not paid in within three months $1.50 will be charged. The Miner and *Tribune* or the Miner and *Press* will be sent to subscribers for $1.30 a year if paid for in advance.

—Sound, Seyfang & Co., of Bradford, have requested the courts to appoint receivers to take charge of their extensive business affairs. James K. Cochran was the man selected to act. Depression in business and slow collections was the cause. Liabilities, $183,000; assets $150,000.

—Mr. Williams, the hustling Main street butcher, had a fine little deer on display at his place of business on Saturday. It did not remain long, however, as the proprietor of the Chautauqua House bought it. Venison steak is on the bill of fare at that popular hostelry. Friend Pope, you were a little slow.

—Wednesday we received a letter from Mr. Donnis, of Eldred, an old friend of the Miner and a veteran of the war. He deplores his poverty in being unable to subscribe for the Miner. Never mind friend [illegible], you shall not be deprived of the friend of your fireside, the Miner will come to you as long as we are at its helm.

—George Dunning and Miss Mary Green, two popular young people of East Smethport, were married at Olean on Tuesday. The happy couple arrived on the evening train Wednesday and when they alighted from the train were met by a copious shower of rice and snow. We wish them happiness in their voyage through life.

—Wednesday we paid a visit to Messrs. Stickney, Ritchie & Co. We were somewhat surprised to find such an elegant display of goods very artistically arranged and obliging managers. But gentlemen, get out earlier in the morning. We called there Thursday morning, a quarter to eight, to buy our annual pair of socks and could not get in.

—During Sabbath we noticed an unusual calmness on some of Smethport's fair damsels' faces, but could not account for it. Monday night the clouds were all swept away and everything was serene and smiling. "Ward McAllister," of Smethport, one of its bright young business men, had been away for a few days, but returned in time to participate in the pleasures of learning to dance. And everything was lovely.

—How brightly, the eyes of the little ones gleamed Monday morning the opening day of school. They had various reasons for being happy. First, health and vigor. Second, one of the finest and most convenient school buildings in northern Pennsylvania. Thirdly, a first class principal who is thoroughly in sympathy with his work, and an able corps of assistants. Now, children, you have great opportunities; improve them to the utmost. Surely your lines have fallen in pleasant places. Our eyes will be upon you, and we shall have more to say after awhile.

—Residents of Smethport, advertise your holiday goods. Then the readers of the Miner will know where to buy the best and cheapest goods for Christmas and New Years. Let people know that you are a live business man and they will patronize you. Come and see us; we will try to suit you.

—The show windows of the business places in this town, are beginning to put on their holiday garmets. It is wrong, gentlemen, to make your windows so attractive, that it endangers the health of the charming ladies of this boro, for they cannot resist the temptation of stopping to look at the lovely display.

—Married men of Smethport keep your wives and daughters away from Mr. Burdick's music store, if you wish to prevent trouble in the family, and save your pocket book. Mr. Burdick showed us a Love's grand piano, which for workmanship and finish is the finest we ever saw, and the tone unsurpassed. Take our advice and keep the female portion of your families away from this store or there will be trouble ahead.

—Tuesday morning being rather cold in this office, Harry Backus kindly consented to let us run a job press to take about one thousand impressions. Well, we got warm in short order and when it got warm, it did not stop, but kept right on up to 110 degrees at least. The types, laughing at our blunders, did not help to lessen the heat. We have not done much toward running a job office, but as regards hard muscular efforts we have contributed our share.

—Miss Adda Burch has been unanimously elected teacher in the city schools of Smethport, Pa. Term begins Dec. 4. The Smethport people will receive an experienced teacher in Miss Burch, as well as a young lady with an enviable reputation as a newspaper reporter and society secretary. Miss Burch has been one of the busiest and most successful teachers and good workers in this community for many years past, and will take with her the same commendable disposition.—Valley News.

—Last week we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Sheldon Jewett, Commissioner elect on the Republican ticket, in this county. From our short conversation with Mr. Jewett and our acquaintance with Mr. Foster, our opinion is that the Republicans of the county made no mistake in their last County Convention, when they selected these men to look after the business affairs of the county. We have not had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hungiville, the Democratic member of the board, but judging from the good example set by the Republican Convention, we have no doubt but what the Democrats selected their best men for the same position. Gentlemen, here's to better acquaintance.

—The following from an exchange is very pertinent just at present, and for that reason we insert it in the Miner: "News, news, news! It's enough to give a man the blues. Nobody married, nobody dead, nobody broken an arm or a head. Nobody come in to talk of the 'crap,' no one got boozy and started a scrap, nobody got run in for taking a horn, nobody buried and nobody born. Oh! for a racket, a riot, a fuss; some one come in and kick up a muss, something to stir up the peace laden air, somebody's comet to give us a scare. Somebody thumped within an inch of his life, someone to run off with another man's wife, somebody's baby got choked on a pin, some one to come in and pay up his dues. Anything anything as it's news.

—The Supreme Court has recently handed down a decision of interest to witnesses in criminal cases. The case was from Armstrong county, and the Supreme Court reversed the decision of the Armstrong county court and awarded a verdict of $10 20 with interest and cost to the plaintiff. The case arose out of the criminal case of Com. vs. Peter Baker. Baker was convicted of assault and battery, and the court refused to sentence him. Joseph M. Wright was a witness to demand his costs from the county, which the commissioners refused to pay, taking ground that the county was not liable until defendant was sentenced. This decision the Court below sustained, but the Supreme Court held the contrary and ordered the county to pay the costs.

—The local newspaper is commented upon in the following manner by a minister of the gospel and is worthy of careful notice: "Your paper tells you when to go to church, to county court, where to send your children to school or anywhere you want to go. It tells you who is dead and who is sick, who is born, and many other things you would like to know. It calls attention to public enterprises and advocates the best schools and law and order in your town. It records the marriage of your daughter, the death of your son and illness of your wife free of charge. It sets forth advantages and attractions of the town and invites immigration, and is the first to welcome newcomers. Yet in spite of all these benefits some people say that the home paper is not half so good as some city paper that has no interest in their business or success.

—After the Ball.—

"Dan Rice" Vorhees was the life of the ball Thanksgiving night. Will Purtle also contributed his share to the pleasantness of the ball.

Fred Pope says he had hard work to raise pluck enough to ask the first girl to dance with him. After that he was saved all trouble on that score, as the girls would come and beg the privilege of a dance. Ah Fred, you are a lucky dog!

We admire the sociability in this town. At the ball last week stiff formality was thrown aside. Every one went in for a good social neighborhood time, and they succeeded.

Something rather amusing occured at the ball last week. A gentleman asked a lady with whom he was not acquainted to honor him with a dance. She replied "You are a stranger to me." He replied "I am taking as many chances as you are." The ice was broken, and a right merry time they had.

How's This!

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., props. Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

When on a visit to Iowa, Mr. R. Dalton, of Luray, Russel county, Kansas, called at the laboratory of Chamberlain & Co. Des Moines, to show them his six year-old boy, whose life had been saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, it having cured him of a very severe attack of croup. Mr. Dalton is certain, that it saved his boy's life and is enthusiastic in its praise. For sale by A. B. Armstrong.

[illegible]

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would notify us by postal or by sending a notice to this office.

O. H. Goodwill had business in Olean Tuesday.

Miss Glennie Pope took this morning's train for Bradford.

Miss May Choate visited with friends in Olean last week.

Commissioners' Clerk M. E. Greer was in Bradford yesterday.

Frank McLaughlin, of Eldred, called on us, on business Tuesday.

A. F. Ritchie visited with friends in Buffalo the first of the week.

Miss Emma Reilly returned Monday from a visit with Olean friends.

C. A. Barker spent Thanksgiving in Olean with R. W. Bloodsworth.

Gus McClure, of Buffalo, was in town Thursday, visiting his customers.

John E. Chadwick, the piano tuner of Bradford, was in town on Tuesday.

Silas Evans, the popular barber was in town this week. "Silas" is looking well.

Wednesday morning Postmaster Kerns took the early train for Bradford. A pleasant trip Bro. K.

Samuel E. Bell and wife, of Driftwood, are visiting Mrs. Bell's parents, Hon. T. A. Morrison and wife.

Mrs. J. M. Tracy and daughter, Anna, returned Friday last from a three week's visit with relatives in Olean.

A. H. Carter, one of Smethport's solid business men, and a first-class jeweler, called at our sanctum Saturday last.

T. Barnsdall and J. H. Markham, of Bradford listened to the recital of the fine bill of fare at the Central, Saturday.

Judge Morrison left on Wednesday evening on a business trip to DuBois, expecting to return home this (Friday) evening.

Mrs. H. S. Rogers, the former pipe organist at the St. Luke's church of this place, presided at the organ last Sunday evening.

Hon. C. A. Dolson, of Hornellsville, N. Y., was in town to see his client, Snyder the accused murderer, who lies in the bastile here.

E. W. Stickney, wife and children and Mrs. H. A. Stickney and Miss Edith Stickney spent Thanksgiving with S. W. Stickney in this city.

Miss Minnie Hibbard, a former primary teacher of the Smethport schools, spent a few days in town last week. She returned to Buffalo on Monday.

C. A. Dowmer, of Coudersport, brightened our sanctum this morning as we were going to press. Chock full of business and push; bound to get there.

Tuesday morning Jack Frost was around hunting some of his last years acquaintances. Seeing so many coat collars turned up we guess he found them.

The handsome clerk at the Central is bemoaning his sad fate over his long hours of labor. Wont some of Smethport's young ladies drop in and console him in his misery.

Sidney Butler, of Coudersport, now travelling for Thomas Williams, manufacturer of cotton and woolen goods, Philadelphia, made us a pleasant call Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Emma Sprague, of this boro, was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday. Mrs. S. says her son who has been sick for the past three weeks has promising symptoms of recovery. He is very cross. Sure sign.

Reuben Curtis, one of Smethport's oldest citizens, a genial, pleasant and hearty gentleman came in to renew his acquaintance with the Miner under the new management. Mr. Curtis may your last days be the pleasantest.

C. W. Catlin, a rising young attorney, and Joseph Kinney, of Port Allegany, made us a pleasant call on Tuesday. They are old friends of the Miner, and assured the new management of their continued support. Thanks.

Robert King took the train for Coudersport, Monday, to see about taxes. He is greatly in love with the way the present board of commissioners of Potter, conduct the business affairs of said county. And we don't blame Mr. King.

T. Joseph Gilbert and family, arrived on the noon train, Tuesday, to make Smethport their future home. We trust the ladies of this boro will assist Mrs. Gilbert, in forgetting the sadness of bidding the many *friends* of her childhood adieu.

Miss Mary Scanlon, of Bradford, who has been the guest of L. Scanlon and family of Colegrove, for several months past, returned to her home Monday evening. There is probably sorrow in the hearts of the Colegrove young men just at present.

Thursday morning, F. B. Granteer of Newerf called. We looked on our mail list to see if we could not get a renewal of subscription but found Mr. Granteer one of these prompt business men who are never behind hand, especially with the printer.

Mrs. Carrie G. Smith, who has been teaching school at Brookville, returned home on Friday evening of last week, to join the able corp of teachers in the Smethport school. Her many friends unite with the Miner in wishing her abundant success.

W. H. Curtis, a resident of this immediate neighborhood, veteran of the war and former County Superintendent of Schools of this county, called at our sanctum Saturday. Mr Curtis assured us of his faith in the Miner, for which we are very thankful. Come again.

Miss Alice McCoy is spending the week at Buffalo to hear the celebrated artist, Madame Adelina Patti, who is making her tenth annual farewell tour of the United States. Miss Alice is a fine vocalist, herself and will doubtless appreciate the efforts of the gifted soprano.

Last week we had the pleasure of shaking hands with Mr. Gorton, District Attorney elect. He looks able to bear the burdens of litigation, in which the Commonwealth is liable to become involved. Judging from reports of his neighbors, McKean County has an efficient officer to look after its legal branch of business. Brother Gorton pull our latch string whenever convenient.

Monday last at dusk three lovely damsels walked in. We tried to raise our hat but it was not there. Then we tried to bow and make ourselves agreeable, but it was a failure, completely frustrated is about the size of it. In a moment they asked for that lucky dog, Harry Backus. All we could do was to point to the back room and sink on the floor exhausted.

Mr. Hamilton Kelley, of Corning, N. Y., has been visiting Jason Hall and daughter, of Fulton street. Mr. Kelley has gone to pay a visit to Mr. Charles Kelley of Olean N. Y. Mr. Hall made us a pleasant visit on Tuesday. He is a veteran of the 7th N. Y. Cavalry, and [illegible] several cases of the late war. He was in the famous [illegible] around the [illegible] at Gettysburg.

OBITUARIES.

MRS. MELISSA F. ABBEY.

Mrs. Melissa F. Abbey died at the residence of her son, John D. Abbey, of East Smethport, at 12 M., Tuesday, Dec. 5, aged 84 years, nine months.

Mrs. Abbey was a daughter of Daniel Burbank, deceased. She was born in Keating township, March 5, 1822. She was married to Palmer Abbey in 1842, this union being blest with six children five of whom survive to mourn her loss, namely: Mrs. M. E. Windsor, Mrs. Ida E. Carter, A. A. Abbey, John D. Abbey and Alonzo Abbey.

Mr and Mrs Abbey lived on their farm about two miles south of this borough from the time of their marriage until about nine years ago. They then moved into town, having saved enough of the earth's riches to make them comfortable through life, where they resided until the the death of Mr. Abbey, which occurred five years ago, after which she gave up her home and lived with her son in East Smethport. Although Mrs. Abbey has been in poor health since the demise of her husband, she had not been considered dangerously ill until within the past few days.

Mrs. Abbey was a devout member of the Baptist Church, a kind, indulgent mother and a highly respected lady, who will be missed by a large circle of friends.

The funeral services will be held this morning at 10:30 o'clock, at the house, Rev. G. W. Halliwell officiating. The remains will be laid to rest beside her husband in the Colegrove cemetary.

MRS. MANERVA OSTRANDER.

Mrs. Manerva Ostrander, wife of Matthew Ostrander, died of heart disease, on Nov. 30. She was born in Washington county, N. Y., Jan. 15, 1819. She moved with her parents at an early age to Lymansville, Potter county, Pa., where she resided until 1863, then she removed to Liberty, McKean county. She was the mother of fourteen children, seven sons and three daughters who with the aged husband survive her, and mourn their sad loss. Her funeral was largely attended at the Grimes school house, near which her remains were laid to rest. Peace to her ashes.

MRS. SOPHIA THEIS

died at Germania, at 3 o'clock a. m., Sunday, Dec. 3, of bronchitis. Mrs. Sophia Theis was born in Germany, Europe. Mrs. Theis resided in Germania since 1858, and her loss will be sadly felt, as she was warm hearted and kind to all. She was a widow and leaves one son.

Suicide in Coudersport Jail.

About three weeks ago, Morris Kelsenwalter, of Germania Pa., put some dynamite in his cook stove to dry, as he claimed. After leaving the house, it exploded dangerously injuring his two children. Last week he was landed in Coudersport jail. Friday morning he was found in his cell hanging by the neck to a sheet attached to the ring that holds the bunk up. Mr. Kelsenwalter was a man of very peculiar habits.

Free for All Who Ask.

A very fine Photographic View of the World's Fair, 8x10 inches in size, the work of the Official Photographer of the United States Government, and accompanied by a graphic, interesting and authentic description, will be sent free by the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean to any one who will send one 2 cent stamp for postage. Address, "Liberian," Inter Ocean.

Wanted.

Wanted an active, intelligent man in [illegible] to sell household goods on installments. Clocks, lamps, rugs, silverware, lace curtains, Bibles, albums, wringers, etc. Plenty of money for a willing worker; capital or experience not required, but first-class references. Write at once for particulars to John Williams, 37 Court street, Buffalo, N. Y. dec8-2t

Mr. J. P. Blaize, an extensive real estate dealer in Des Moines, Iowa, narrowly escaped one of the severest attack of pneumonia while in the northern part of that state during a recent blizzard, says the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Blaize had occasion to drive several miles during the storm and was so thoroughly chilled that he was unable to get warm, and inside of an hour after his return he was threatened with a severe case of pneumonia or lung fever. Mr Blaize sent to the nearest drug store and a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, of which he had often heard, and took a number of large doses. He says the effect was wonderful and in a short time he was breathing quite easily. He kept on taking the medicine and the next day was able to come to Des Moines. Mr. Blaize regards his cure as simply wonderful. For sale by A. B. Armstrong.

A Million Friends.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs, and colds.—If you have never used this Great Cough medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of throat, chest and lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at F. R. Foster's and A. B. Armstrong's Drug stores. Large bottles 50c. and $1.00.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise and delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

Mr. J. C. Boswell, one of the best known and most respected citizens of Brownwood, Texas, suffered with diarrhoea for a long time and tried many different remedies without benefit, until Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was used: that relieved him at once. For sale by A. B. Armstrong.

No better aid to digestion.
No better cure for dyspepsia.
Nothing more reliable for biliousness and constipation than DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

I was so much troubled with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored.—B. F. Liepsner, A. M., Pastor of the Olivet Baptist church, Philadelphia, Pa.

Horses, Cattle, Dogs, etc.

The Humphreys' Medicine Company of New York, will mail on application a complimentary copy Dr. Humphreys' Veterinary Manual (500 pages) on the treatment and care of horses, cattle, dogs, hogs, sheep and poultry.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever, sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank R. Foster, Druggist.

A God-send is Ely's Cream Balm. I had catarrh for three years. Two or three times a week my nose would bleed. I thought the sores would never heal. Your Balm has cured me.—Mrs. M. A. Jackson, Portsmouth, N. H.

"Neglected Leads to Consumption."

Kemp's Balsam will stop that cough at once.

LIST OF JURORS.

Following are the jurors drawn for [illegible] term of court beginning Monday, [illegible]

GRAND JURORS.

Acre, Levi—Hamlin township.
Barrett, Geo. E.—Smethport.
Barrett, Wm.—[illegible]
Barr, [illegible]—Bradford city.
Cory, A. E.—Keating township.
Dawes, J. D.—Eldred.
Marsh, J. H.—[illegible]
Dekburg, John—West Kane.
Gowdy, L. D.—Bradford city.
Hedges, E. A.—Eldred borough.
Halsor, Jacob—[illegible]
Haley, Thomas—Ceres township.
Lyon, Albert—Wetmore township.
McQuistion, A.—Bradford.
Mitchell, Randall—Eldred township.
Mahone, T. F.—Foster township.
McSweeney, John—[illegible]
Pate, B. D.—Bradford city.
Rosencrans, Charles—Ellerville.
Shoemaker, W. H.—Eldred township.
Seamans, C. D.—Corydon township.
Sprague, E. H.—Otto township.
Wandrum, G. G.—Jerment.
Weaver, G. W.—Quinton.

PETIT JURORS.

Amsdong, C. C.—Alton.
Bush, H. C.—Lafayette township.
Brown, Geo. H.—Bradford city.
Bell, Edward—Ceres township.
Bartlet, M. L.—Colegrove.
Baughman, Geo. A.—Lafayette.
Brand, W. W.—Bradford city.
Brink, [illegible]—
Cooley, A. J.—Port Allegany.
Conley, Peter—Smethport.
Connolley, Thomas—Bradford city.
Coyt, William—
Dutcher, W. H.—Hamlin township.
Douglass, C. L.—Bradford city.
Dodd, J. L.—Bell's Run.
Dunforge, N.—Sawyer City.
Ellison, Chas. B.—Wetmore township.
Evans, O. D.—Annin Creek.
Flynn, John—Gardeau.
Fitzsimmons, Geo.—Ceres township.
Flinchbaugh, J. S.—Derrick City.
Finnessey, M. B.—Simpson.
Flynn, J. D.—Bradford city.
Galvin, M.—North Kane.
Gray, J. H.—Mt. Jewett.
Hughes, J. C.—Bradford city.
Haven, Charles E.—Otto township.
Huckell, H. N.—Ceres township.
Hansen, A. L.—Liberty township.
Haggerty, M. A.—Bradford city.
Hiram, Mark—Kane.
Irwin, T.—Bradford city.
Kolb, [illegible]—Kane.
Kemble, C.—Bradford city.
Kane, Patrick—Eldred township.
Kesley, W. M.—Bradford city.
Kavanaugh, J. H.—Hamilton township.
Kennedy, C. H.—Bradford city.
Lucas, Charles—Mt. Jewett.
Long, E. D.—
Lafferty, G.—Foster township.
Kreamer, Chas.—Smethport.
McCarty, Eugene—Annin township.
Maber, John—Bradford city.
McMahon, Hiram—Kushequa.
Murphy, John—Hamilton township.
McQuaid, [illegible] Eldred borough.
Murphy, Wm.—Lafayette township.
McDannell, Lemuel—Foster township.
McDowell, Thomas—Port Allegany.
Moody, Chester—Eldred township.
Merriman, J. K.—Bradford city.
Mitchell, G. W.—
Nash, L. E.—Bradford.
O'Brien, [illegible]—Bradford city.
O'Hearn, J.—
Rixford, Wm.—Rixford.
Roach, David—Kane.
Simpson, Darius—Turtle Point.
Stambrose, Clancy—Foster township.
Swanson, H. P.—Keating township.
Strannahan, A. T.—
Seamans, A. A.—Derrick City.
Smith, W. H.—Bradford city.
Uncapher, A. J.—Eldred borough.
Whitcomb, E. P.—Bradford city.
Wright, C. C.—Keating township.
Wilcox, W. D.—Bradford city.
Wicks, Albert—Simpson.
Walch, James—Liberty township.

Music the Kernel of Welsh Nature.

Music is the very soul and kernel of the Welsh nature. A musical ear is the national birthright. Every Welsh preacher who migrates to an English church finds the greatest difficulty in abstaining from that weird, peculiar intonation of his sermon which is known as the hwyl, and which is often strange and objectionable to English ears.

A remarkable and subtle fact which will be interesting to English readers and at the same time significant of the sensitiveness of the Welsh musical ear is that it is positive discord to many among the Welsh congregations if the minister, in "giving out" the first verse of the hymn, does not so pitch his voice that it shall be in harmony with the key in which the tune has preliminarily been played by the instrumentalist.—Westminster Review.

German Greetings.

In Protestant Germany the usual greeting is "Good morning;" in Austria, "Servus;" in south Germany, "Gruss Gott" ("God greet you"), while the Roman Catholic parts of the country have adopted the formula recommended by Pope Benedict XIII in 1728—viz., "Praised be Jesus Christ" with the response, "Forever and ever, amen." In modern society the older expression, "Gott befohlen" (French, "Adieu"), used at leavetaking, has been changed to "Empfehle mich" ("I commend myself to your good wishes"). In the mining districts you are saluted with "Gluckauf" ("Safe return to bank").—Lander und Volkerkunde.

To Preserve Grapes.

A French method of preserving grapes in something very close to their natural condition has some interest at this season. Shoots of the vine, bearing, say, two bunches of sound grapes each, are placed in bottles or vases filled with water containing charcoal in solution. The bottles are then hung along the edges of notched shelves in a dry place. It is said that if the water be renewed from time to time grapes so treated will keep in good condition into April.

New Light on History.

Teacher—Who was the first murderer?

Son of Distinguished Lawyer—Nobody knows. In the Cain and Abel affair Cain had no lawyer to defend him, so the case went by default, and he got convicted.—Brooklyn Life.

An authority on weather declares that tornadoes are most frequent between noon and 6 o'clock, and that the rainiest hour of the day is 4 o'clock in the afternoon. This is the report of a meteorological expert, not a weather prophet.

For a sore throat there is nothing better than a flannel bandage dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It will nearly always effect a cure in one night's time. This remedy is also a favorite for rheumatism and has cured many very severe cases. 50 cent bottles for sale by A. B. Armstrong.

Burns are absolutely painless when DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is promptly applied. This statement is true. A perfect remedy for skin diseases, chapped hands and lips, never fails to cure piles. A. B. Armstrong.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as anything else. It's easier to cure a severe cold or cough with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cure. Better medicine; better results; better try it. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

A single trial of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will convince any one troubled with costiveness, torpid liver or any kindred diseases of their curative properties. They only cost 25 cents per bottle. For sale by H. C. Wells.

Little girl (after waiting some time for desert) "Grandpa, what do you have after dinner?"

Grandpa—"Dyspepsia, my dear."

Little girl—"Oh, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will cure that."

Attend the Edinboro State Normal School. Expenses $48 to $60 for term of fourteen weeks. Winter term begins December 4. Send postal for catalogue.
MARTIN G. BENEDICT.

Sensitive people can purchase Humphreys' Specifics by simply asking the druggist for the needed number alone, without disclosing or mentioning the disease for which it is a cure.

Go to Gleason & Lemmler's for blankets, robes and bells. The prices on these goods will be found to be way down.
n-16-3t.

Wanted

Everybody to know Orthoner is wonderful for painless extraction of teeth, try it.
DR. F. G. PIERSON, Dentist.
Smethport, Pa.

J. G. Williams receives weekly a fresh line of Wagner's Straw-Berry brand of Hams. Try them.

BLANKETS, robes and bells as cheap as the cheapest at Gleason & Lemmler's.
n16-3t.

THE COUNTY.

Interesting News From Various Localities Picked up by Our Regular Correspondents.

KANE.

Miss Ida M. Tyler was in Warren Friday.

Chas. Aiken, of Mt Jewett, was in town on Friday.

Rich Donovan had business in Oil City on Wednesday.

Mrs. H. E. Koester spent Thanksgiving in Bradford.

Mrs. Eugene Mumford of Erie, spent Sunday in Kane.

J. F. Kelly and L. L. Thompson were in Bradford on Friday.

H. N. Cummings has purchased the shooting in the Lay annex.

D. A. Roach, spent Thanksgiving in Buffalo with his daughter.

Mrs. H. Phelps, of Warren, visited Fred Crosby and wife last week.

B. C. Ryan, of Renovo, son of Thos. H., spent several days here last week.

Mrs. Harry Rickert went to Renovo on Saturday to visit her father-in-law, who is ill there.

Robt. and Geo. Campbell and Mrs. Thad James attended the funeral of Elmer Springer on Wednesday.

Miss M. J. Hays, a musical student, who spent Thanksgiving here, returned to Buffalo Monday to resume her studies.

W. W. McDade, book keeper for the Rotter Disk Works, Jamestown, N. Y., is spending a few days with his parents here.

Carl Egeling of Jamestown, N. Y., spent Thanksgiving here with his parents, and is now assisting his father in the harness shop.

Rev. J. M. Gillette's funeral sermon will be preached next Sunday at 10:30 a. m. in the Presbyterian church, by Rev. R. E. L. Graham.

Andy O'Loughlin and wife returned from Elkins, West Va., on Saturday, where they attended the funeral of E. H. Long, Mrs. O'Loughlin's father.

Elmer Springer died at Kinzua on the 28, of Bright's disease, after a lingering illness. His funeral was held on Wednesday; interment in the Kinzua cemetery. He was 33 years of age.

COLEGROVE.

The proceeds Thanksgiving supper was nearly $24.

Cap Burlingame and Miss Addie Wolters, were the guests of Mrs. Olmsted Friday.

Ira Burdick and wife were in Smethport Thursday visiting their grandson Ralph Burdick.

Mrs. L. G. Arnold will go to Brookville Pa., this week to visit her parents and relatives, who reside there.

The Crosby band executed some fine music for the company gathered at the entertainment last Thursday evening.

Mrs. Kitt Gallup a former teacher in the Gallup school has gone to Crosby to have the overnight of the boarding house of C. D. Comes.

The first quarterly meeting of this conference year will be held next Sunday evening commencing with love feast at 7 o'clock, Rev. Lattimer, which is held in Union church at Colegrove.

Miss Mettie Oviatt went to Clarion last Thursday to assist in careing for her sister, Miss Hortense Oviatt, who is suffering from from an relapse after having partially recovered from an attack of tonsilitis and grip.

The relatives of the family of Walter Rose have lately heard of the death of his son, Odell, which was caused by acute rheumatism. Sickness and financial difficulties, have placed the family in straightened circumstances in their Virginian home.

While M. L. Bartlett was driving near the railroad crossing at Crosby last Thursday, the pusher came along and so frightened the horse that that he began to back toward the track and ran the cart against the engine. The engineer had quickly lessened speed so that the only damage was a broken cart.

PORT ALLEGANY.

E. B. Dolley is having a severe tussle with the grip. His speedy recovery is hoped for.

T. J. Gilbert and family passed through here Tuesday morning, en route to Smethport, where he will reside in the future. Your correspondent knew Joe when he was on earth the first time, and has often eaten from the same bowl and drank from the same cup, and, of course, he wishes Joe and his business "partner" success, happiness and riches.

Last Tuesday morning Fitz. Shurtz, living near the borough line, discovered a fine doe in the yard among his cattle. He went to the house to get his flint-lock, with the evident determination to do or die. Using the fence for a rest, he took aim, shut his eyes and pulled her off. "Bang!" went the echo for miles around, and "Bang!" went Fitz against the fence across the road, and the doe dropped, either from the effect of the bullet or from fright. Anyway, Fitz is eating venison now, and says: "Let 'em monkey with the tariff if they want to; I've got plenty of meat."

Downs' Elixir will cure any cough or cold, no matter of how long standing. For sale by H. C. Wells.

Are you a Friend to the cause of Protection of American Interests?

Are you willing to work for the cause of Protection in placing reliable information in the hands of your acquaintances?

If you are, you should be identified with

THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE,
135 W. 23D. ST., NEW YORK.

Cut this notice out and send it to the League, stating your position, and give a helping hand.

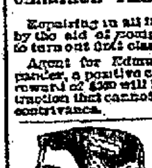
T. H. PURTLE
General Blacksmithing,
CARRIAGE AND WAGGON WORK
WATER ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

Having bought out the carriage and wagon making business of John Servatius, I am now prepared to do all work in the above lines.

CARRIAGE PAINTING A SPECIALTY.

Repairing in all its branches promptly done by the aid of competent workmen. I am able to turn out first class work at moderate price.

Agent for Edmund's Celebrated Hoof Expander, a positive cure for contracted feet. A reward of $500 will be paid for any case of contraction that cannot be cured by the use of this contrivance.


50 DOSES 25 cts.

NERVE & LIVER PILLS
Act on a new principle—regulate the liver, stomach and bowels *through the nerves*. Dr. Miles' Pills speedily cure biliousness, torpid liver and constipation. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 doses, 25 cts. Samples free at druggists. Dr. Miles Med. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

B.H.&Co.

Buffalo, December 6.

GIFT THINGS:

Christmas comes—will be here in little more than two weeks. Are your presents all bought yet?

Time presses. You're a bit nervous. Here's a nerve tonic. You'll find it in facts about this store—genial holiday facts.

Your Christmas buying will be done best where stocks are fullest and most varied, where acres, not square feet, measure store spaces, where aisles are broad and light abundant. In a word—here.

We anticipate the biggest kind of a Holiday trade with such goods as these:

Books
Purses
Chairs
Tables
Candles
Slippers
Dolls
Clocks
Silks
Novelties
Lamps
Hosiery
Gloves
Stationery
Albums
Easels
Screens

Mirrors
Perfumes
Pictures
Rockers
Curtains
Jewelry
Umbrellas
Games
Music Boxes
Dress Goods
Fur Capes
Seal Skins
Celluloid Goods
Plush Goods
Fancy Goods
Handkerchiefs
Toilet Articles

Carpet Sweepers
Men's Furnishings
Chenille Portieres
Silverware
Booklets
Down Pillows
Leather Goods
Smoking Jackets
Mackintoshes
Hand Satchels
Metal Novelties
Japanese Goods
Carriage Robes
Lamp Shades
Bric-a-brac
Handsome Vases
Stylish Neckwear

In all the years of increasing business we have never known such trade as belongs to these days. On every floor the crowds of holiday shoppers make quick service necessary, and throng the aisles all day long. Enlarged facilities and improved service give us a certain advantage over last year, but the jam seems great as ever. The choicest things of course will go early and not come again.

The store is bright with no end of Christmas novelties, many of which are nowhere else. Keeping in close touch with American as well as European markets puts us in a position to control new things fast as introduced. While we write fresh lots of holiday goods are being opened out and placed on sale.

Many striking novelties are here in wood, metal, brass and china. We have gathered the best of everything from every source and are ready as never before to satisfy the demands of holiday shoppers. Out-of-town people can afford to visit the store these days. Goods are cheaper here than anywhere else we know of, and the numerous displays are worth coming many miles to see.

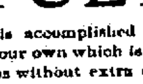
BARNES, HENGERER & CO.

BARBER SHOP
ALFRED STURDVIENT
Next door to W. D. Gallup's store Main St.
SHAVING AND HAIRDRESSING
in the latest style of the art. None but first-class workmen employed.

Do Your Corns Hurt?
If so call on Alfred Sturdveint, Surgeon Chiropodist, Main street, nearly opposite the postoffice, and have them removed in a few minutes without pain or soreness.

☞ BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

10 Per Cent Power Saved



—BY BUYING YOUR—
CYCLES
of us. This accomplished with an invention of our own which is fitted to all our Bicycles without extra charge. Do not buy without looking over our fine lines at all prices, and remember a saving of 10 per cent power is quite an item and has other advantages.
M. A. WOODBURY,
41-45 Mechanic St.,
Bradford, Pa.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
JEWELER,
AND DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Silverware,
Spectacles,
Toys,
Eye-glasses
And all goods pretaining to a First-class Jewelry store.
Satisfaction guaranteed, and prices as Low as the Lowest. Call and inspect our new stock.

BLACKSMITHING!
The subscriber has purchased the blacksmith shop recently occupied by Charles Kreuger, on Mechanic street, near Gifford's saw-mill, where he is prepared to do first-class blacksmithing, including
HORSESHOEING.
Satisfaction guaranteed. He also manufactures
SLEIGHS.
Lumbering Purposes, with Patent Breaks desired.
Can Cure All Ordinary Lameness in Horse's Feet and Legs.
CHAS. W. LILGENDAHL.
Smethport, Aug. 4th, 1893.

J. G. WILLIAMS,
FRESH & SMOKED MEATS,
POULTRY and OYSTERS,
Groceries & Provisions,
Canned Goods, &c.
The public are invited to make a careful inspection of my stock and prices.
J. G. WILLIAMS,
Main St., above Grand Central. SMETHPORT, PA.

[illegible] in Lamb's [illegible] Men, Ladies and Children. The [illegible] and Ladies' side elastic slippers, [illegible] in front and back, one piece [illegible] solid comfort, Ladies' in black and red, Men's in tan and black, price [illegible]
Men's Slippers 75 cents to $2.00.
Ladies' " 75 " $4.50.
Lamb's wool soles, Men's, Ladies' and Children's. Commence shopping. Christmas in a little over 2 weeks.
BLOODSWORTH & CO., 144 Union St.
(Mention this paper when ordering goods.)

Patented July 5 and Oct. 4, 1892.
Pat. July 5 and Oct. 4, '92.
Pat. July 5 and Oct. 4, 1892.

We have all the latest novelties in printed figures, life size, for the Holiday trade.
See samples in widow.

This week we want to tell you about our winter garments. We have made a special effort to secure the latest and most desirable styles in Ladies' winter wraps, and our efforts have been rewarded with overwhelming success. Our garments are absolutely correct in fit and style, and prices that tell their own story.

Our $12.00 jacket is made of a fine beaver cloth, large baloon sleeves and full skirt, with two capes trimmed with electric coney, and was made expressly to meet the popular demand for a stylish garment to retail at $12.00, stock number on this garment, 1245. Call and examine our large assortment of wraps.

Our store is being daily replenished with goods appropriate for the Holiday demands.

Largest assortment. Prices correct. Courteous attention.

STICKNEY, RITGHIE & CO.,
Opposite Court House. General Merchants.

D. C. YOUNG
Wishes to call attention to his immense stock of
NEW GOODS,
All bought for Cash and sold for Cash only, at prices that defy Competition.
STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES
Is complete in every way.
ALL BEST GOODS WARRANTED
Rubber Goods at old prices. Shirts, pants, overalls and all kinds of Gents' furnishing goods at lower prices than ever.
UNDERWEAR
A full assortment of Underwear for men, women, and children. In charming combination suits for women.
A New Lot of
STAMPED GOODS AND EMBROIDERY SILKS
My stock of
Notions, Dress Goods and Flannels
Better than ever.
Call and examine for yourselves and note the
REDUCTION IN PRICES.
Do not forget my line of
FINE FAMILY GROCERIES
Including fine Creamery Butter and Pure [illegible]
D. C. YOUNG.
Smethport, Pa., November 1, 1893.

AT
P. D. HOPKINS,
Corner Mill and Mechanic Streets,
SMETHPORT, PENNA.,
Can be found a full line of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots Shoes, &c.

NEW GOODS

Arriving almost daily.

Our [illegible] goods are of the best quality and will be at the lowest [illegible] prices.

Remember we are agents for the popular Clothing Firm of G. W. [illegible] & Co., Boston, Mass. All orders left with us are promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed.

Thanking our customers for their liberal patronage in the past, we shall by honest and fair dealings, endeavor to merit a continuance of the same.

P. D. HOPKINS.

V. KLAPPENBACH,
MERCHANT -:- TAILO
Cor. King and Fulton Sts.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Keeps an assortment of English and [illegible] Goods on hand from which to selec[illegible] will be made up in the latest and most a[illegible] Styles, and entire

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

NEW -:- FURNITURE
SPECHT & SASSE

We have a large stock of the latest designs in furniture and we are able to offer some very attractive bargains. If you want a single piece of furniture or an outfit for your home, it will pay you to see our store

DON'T FAIL TO CALL.

before making a purchase elsewhere

Undertaking in all its branches a specialty.

Corner of Main and Union Streets. SMETHPORT, PA.

AN UNPRECEDENTED OFFER!
GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY.

Weekly News of the World for a Trifle.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-four page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a National Family Paper, and gives all the general news of the United States and the world. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its **Agricultural** department has no superior in the country. Its **Market Reports** are recognized authority in all parts of the land. It has separate departments for **The Family Circle** and **Our Young Folks.** Its **Home and Society** columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

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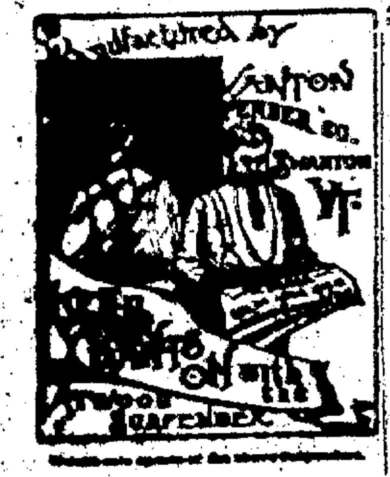

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A sewed shoe that will not rip; Calf, seamless, smooth inside, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Every style. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

The following are of the same high standard of merit: [illegible]

FOR SALE BY STICKNEY, RITCHIE & CO.

[illegible] I would [illegible] should be brought to [illegible] that he should suffer all he had made [illegible] justice refused to punish [illegible] should strike the blow.

This morning [illegible] sharpened my wits, whipped up my flagging energy and reanimated my courage. The necessity of money was more evident to me now than it had been hitherto.

"You will not betray me to any one in the world?" I said to Mere Lucas.

"Is it possible, my poor friend?" she asked. "Is it likely that I should expose your misfortunes when I myself am chiefly to blame for all that has befallen you? Besides, you forget that I still love you, my dear. Nay, I will do anything in the world to help you."

"Could I stay here?" I asked eagerly, seized with the unreasoning desire to live again under the same roof with Taras and to watch him day by day, even if I might not speak to him.

"To be sure, my dear," answered Mere Lucas gladly. "There are half a dozen spare rooms, and the master has begged me again and again to have my cousin, Mme. Leroy, down here. Who is to know you are not my cousin? Why, truly you may stay. Mlle. Judith will not be back before Saturday afternoon. That gives you two whole days."

"No more," I said, with a sinking heart.

"Why, my dear, you may stay longer if you think it would be wise. But look you, mademoiselle, Judith has sharp eyes, and when one looks at you closely it is clear you are not so old as your gray hair. And mademoiselle has feelings like any other woman, so you can't expect her to look kindly on you, even if she consents to stay in the same house with you."

I saw how unreasonable, how impracticable my plan was, but for all that it was not easy to abandon it. My heart was wrung, not with mere womanly jealousy, but with a sense of my terrible loss. It was dreadful to think that another had taken my place in Taras' heart, and that I could do nothing for him, nothing whatever, at a time when a woman's love and sympathy were needed to brighten his long days of darkness. And my grief was not lessened by the reflection that I had lost all that was dear to me in trying to save him. At such a time one cannot feel that virtue is its own reward.

This was Wednesday. I promised that I would come again that evening or the next day and then hurried off, eager to see Mr. Pelham and learn what chance there was of sending the money to Siberia.

My heart misgave me the moment I entered the solicitor's office. He was not merely so eager to get me into his inner office as he had been the day before, nor so smilingly confident as when we parted, and there was a depressing absence of enthusiasm as he closed the door and slowly seated himself at his writing table.

"I have seen Mr. Lazarus," he began, crossing his legs, clasping his hands on his knee and gently twiddling one thumb round the other, "and I regret to say that he firmly declines to move in this affair until he receives the cash."

"But did you tell him that the money would certainly be paid?"

"Yes, madame. I spared no pains to convince him on that point. I even went so far as to assure him that the order was as safe as government stock, and that I would guarantee the payment of a liberal bonus in consideration of the advance."

"What did he say to that?"

"Well, madame, he very pertinently asked why, if I were so sure of obtaining this advantage for him, I did not avail myself of the chance and advance the £300 on my own account."

"Ah, we never thought of that."

"It certainly had not entered into my calculations," observed Mr. Pelham, with a serious shake of the head.

"Can't you advance the money?" I asked entreatingly.

"I could, of course, but there are two or three serious objections to that proceeding. One of these Mr. Lazarus pointed out in his particularly clear and businesslike way. He said he had very little doubt about the genuineness of the affair and knew that the money was to be employed in assisting the escape of an exile from Siberia. 'But,' said he, 'the escape may not be pulled off, and then where are you?' Obviously, if Mr. Gordon does not return, he cannot pay the sum advanced on his behalf—either capital or interest."

"We must find some other means of raising the money."

"Exactly the words of Mr. Lazarus—a most sensible man of business, and really quite anxious to do what he can. 'Here is a telegraph form,' says he; 'I have only to write the address and one little word on it and send it with three or four shillings to the nearest postoffice and in less than an hour perhaps this exile may be on his way to London. That one little word shall be written and sent the moment I see the necessary indispensable £300.'"

"Cannot you help me?" I exclaimed in desperation.

"You mentioned another name in our last interview. If you would authorize me to apply to any one—any friend who might advance the amount"——

He paused, but I made no reply. My thoughts were already turned in the direction he indicated. It seemed as if I must tell Taras at all hazards. Might I not obtain the money from him without exposing Gordon to the risk of recapture at the frontier? The cloud that darkened my mind suddenly broke, and brightening with the ray of hope I started to my feet and said:

"There is a friend who will give me this money. I will ask him for it myself."

CHAPTER XLIII.
I MAKE MYSELF KNOWN TO TARAS.

I returned to the Grange that evening. Mere Lucas, though she could not conceal the change in her sentiments toward me, did her best to make me feel at home in her sitting room and supply all my physical requirements. For the first time she permitted herself to sit down to table with me, and we shared the same dish that had come from her master's table. There was significance in this. In her opinion I ranked no longer in social distinction with Taras and Mlle. Judith.

"Fill your glass again, my dear," said she. "The master begrudges me nothing, as you know, and when I told him I expected Mme. Leroy he bade me fete you."

Presently she left me to answer the dining room bell. She returned with the coffee service, her under lip raised and rueful misgiving in her face.

"He wants to see you," she whispered. "'Tell Mme. Leroy,' says he, 'that it will give me great pleasure if she will come in and talk to me.' I begged him to excuse you, as you have a headache and are not fit for society tonight, but I do not see how you are to get out of it tomorrow. We ought to have thought of this beforehand."

"I have thought of it. I want to speak to him."

"Mon Dieu! I didn't think you had grown so hardy. Look you, you will have to resemble your words finely, or he will know you by your voice, and then what will happen?"

"If he cannot forgive me, I must bear it," said I. "But whether he forgives me or not I am sure he will never tell any one of my disgrace, and that is all I fear."

"No, that is certain. You can count upon his saying nothing about you to any one as surely as you can rely upon my silence. Nevertheless it's as good as confessing everything to make yourself known to him. However," she added, with a sigh of satisfaction, "thank God, there's your clothes, that I brought away from Lambeth, up stairs in the press, and all your linen as sweet and clean as hands can make them."

Clean linen and a neat appearance were very much more in accordance with her views of true repentance than sackcloth and ashes, and I doubt if she could have felt genuine respect for any one in such a wayworn and bedraggled condition as mine.

Soon after breakfast the next morning she led me into the dining room where Taras was sitting, and having hastily introduced me as her cousin, Mme. Leroy, she as speedily withdrew, leaving me to take the consequences upon my own shoulders.

After bowing me to [illegible] Taras said:

"We would have sent a trap to the station if we had known you were coming last night. It is a long way from the station. I hope you feel better this morning, madame."

I had intended to disguise my voice, but my heart revolted against deceiving my dear, stricken friend, and, after a moment's hesitation, in my natural voice I answered "Yes."

At that one word, faint as it was, he started, and turning his head [illegible]

"[illegible]," he said [illegible] in his voice.

"Yes."

He bent his head to catch my response, and there was another pause.

He bent his head to catch my response, and there was another pause.

"You have come alone, Mme. Leroy?" he asked.

"Yes."

"There was no friend you cared to bring?"

"No."

These faltering monosyllables must have betrayed me, even if he doubted the evidence of my voice, but the belief that I wished to remain unrecognized was sufficient to withhold him from discovering his knowledge.

"You are going to stay with us, Mme. Leroy?" he asked.

"No; I think of leaving this afternoon," I stammered.

He made no reply, but a look of pain came into his face, and I was silent, too, not having the courage to tell him why I had come. But he must have concluded that I was in trouble and in need of help, for presently, drawing some unopened letters from the inner pocket of his coat, he said:

"These letters came last night. Will you open them and tell me who they are from?"

They were from sympathizing friends in London. I read the names and addresses to him.

"Have you opened them all?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I hoped there was one from a friend—a dear friend of bygone days—from whom I have been hoping and expecting to hear by every post. Do you mind looking through them again?"

I understood his motive in giving me the letters now, and seizing the opportunity I asked him if it was from a poor woman in distress that he expected to hear—a nameless creature who dared not show her face.

"It cannot be my little friend," he said sadly. "She would not fear me. We were comrades, she and I, and should be still—companions in adversity. To think that I could judge her harshly is to judge me yet more harshly."

"She does not fear you, but she dreads those who have less charity."

"She is in trouble, you tell me. Can I help her?"

"She hopes you will. Her happiness—more than she can tell you—depends on that."

"Tell me what she wants."

"She is in need of money."

"Does her happiness depend on that?"

"Yes."

"You are sure she asks for nothing more than money?"

"Nothing."

He bowed his head as if to conceal the pain that came into his face. Then, quickly recovering himself, he said gently:

"Poor soul, if money can make her happy, she shall have it."

He rose, felt his way to a writing table and seated himself before it. From a drawer he took out a checkbook, opened it, and passing his long, nervous fingers over the paper he slowly wrote his name in the right hand corner. Then he tore out the check, and returning to his former seat gave it to me.

"I have left it open," he said. "Ask her to write in—my unhappy little friend—the amount she needs, and tell her, in case she doubts it still, that her secret is safe in my keeping and that she has made me happy by remembering me in her distress."

I took the check, faltering some incoherent words of gratitude.

"You will stay with us a day or two?" he asked.

"No; I must go away today."

"Have you far to go home?"

"I am going to London," he replied evasively.

"You are staying with friends there?"

"No; I have no friend to go to."

"Are you quite alone?"

"Quite."

He was silent for a moment, seeming greatly shocked by his discovery. Then he said:

"But you have friends."

"None but Mere Lucas and"——

He held out his hand quickly, and as it closed on mine a smile broke over his face.

"And me," he said. "Oh, if my ear and reason deceived me the sense of touch would tell me whose hand this is I hold. Let us give up this game of crooked questions and cross answers and be ourselves. Have faith in me, little friend."

For some minutes we sat there with our hands locked, and neither spoke. Some such feeling of mingled joy and sympathetic sorrow as choked my utterance may have silenced him. Perhaps he was waiting for me to confide my sorrow to him—to pour out the history of past troubles that he might give me comfort. But I dared not answer that silent appeal, and the tear that slipped from my cheek and fell upon his hand as I bent over it was all the confession I could make.

"Is there nothing I can do to help you?" he asked in a tone of deep agitation.

"Nothing—nothing more than you have done. No one can help me. I need no help now. The worst is past. Better days must come. Then I may tell you more."

"I want to know no more than that," he answered [illegible]. "If the worst is past, we will cease to think of it. Let us go in the garden," he added in a brighter tone [illegible].

He took my trembling arm.

"You know the way?" he asked.

"Yes. I walked across the lawn yesterday."

"I knew it," he murmured. "Something touched my arm, and I felt that you were near. I have been expecting you to come."

He said this, I thought, to encourage me, but the radiant happiness in his face surprised me, though I knew the vigor and fortitude of his character. One would not have imagined but for those poor closed eyes that he had lost the most precious gift of nature. He pressed my arm to his side and spoke some wise words of assurance, adding:

"We have both met with misfortune, little friend."

"I think too much of my own."

"Mine," he said to turn my thoughts, "is not so great as you would think. At first it was hard to bear—the world seemed so empty. But I am learning to see now without my eyes, and I find a multitude of beautiful things that had before escaped my notice. I never weary of sitting here and listening—puzzling out where all the sounds come from and making a better acquaintance with the hidden world."

"And in the evening you have Miss Bell to read to you and play."

"Yes. She is a good, amiable girl, wonderfully patient and untiring."

There was a great whir of wings over our heads, startling me for the moment, and then six or eight beautiful pigeons fluttered down and settled on Taras' shoulder and outstretched arm. He gave them a handful of maize from his pocket, and they clustered about his hand with outstretched wings to take the grain.

"Do they come down to Miss Bell like that?" I asked, with envy.

"They will come to any one who has something to give them," he said, smiling.

I wondered if he regarded me in the same light.

I held out my hand timidly to the pretty, fluttering birds, but they had swallowed the last grain, and they took to their wings and flew away in a body.

I could bear it no longer. The pain at my heart was greater than I could endure.

"I must go away, Taras," I said, choking down my grief.

[To be Continued.]

It's all the same, a slight cold, congested lungs or severe cough. [illegible] Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

[illegible]

"I am trying to cultivate a sense of humor and a sense of proportion," I heard a clever woman say the other day, "and you have no idea what a wonderful help they are to me." I have since had a practical illustration of the potent factor that the latter sense may become in the problem of life, and now I fully appreciate her statement of the power of proportion.

Having lingered very late over a more than usually fascinating game of chess the night before, I was beguiled into an extra nap in the morning, making me late for the early train which I wished to catch in order to keep an important appointment in town.

As the sky was lowering, indicating rain, I pulled out a pair of old shoes and did not discover until I was at the breakfast table that a little nail in one of them had come through the inner sole and was piercing my heel.

It was too late to change them, and the pricking made me cross. I am quite sure that I snarled at the dear little woman who had increased my joys and lessened my sorrows these several years past, and that I scared my young folks into unwonted silence.

I actually hobbled on my way to the station, the little nail stung so venomously, and before I arrived there I fancied that my shoe must be half filled with blood from its lacerations.

I hardly returned Papa Clipston's courteous greeting, and let somebody else help old lady Sturgis on the train, which neglect would have cut my wife cruelly and ought to bring me to shame.

The office boy slunk into the remotest corner as I slammed into the room, and the man from Chicago will no doubt retain to the day of his death a supreme conviction of the disagreeableness of Bostonians as per example exhibited to him on that occasion.

When at last there came a lull in the rush of the day, I removed the shoe and sent it out for repairs. In 10 minutes it came back, the offender removed, and peace was restored.

It was then that bright woman's remark came back to me, and I felt its truth. That little piece of iron, penetrating the sole of my foot, had put awry my whole body, brain, nerves and temper.

What a gigantic disproportion between cause and effect! And, besides the consequences to myself, there was the reaction upon my wife, making her unhappy all day long—for, strange as it may seem, the dear soul loves me—and the awful example of irascibility that I set to the office boy, and nobody knows how much dislike and distrust of Bostonians was planted in that hospitable Chicago breast, which will permeate through generations yet unborn.

And all for a tiny shoe tack!

Don't you see now how wise it would be to cultivate a sense of proportion?

As for a sense of humor, I have that, for I can smile even over a coal bill.—Boston Herald.

A Clerk's Stupidity.

A clerk in a dry goods store told us a humorous incident which had for its heroine a well known society girl. The young man has in charge a department where paper patterns are sold, and the other day in walked the aforesaid young woman anxious to buy the pattern of a wrap for her aunt. "What size?" queried the clerk. "Oh, I do not know," answered the girl. "Cannot you give me some idea?" went on the youth, anxious if possible to make a sale. "She is rather large and above the average height," laughed the fair maid, but this answer was not one bit helpful, so she was obliged to go away without the desired pattern, but as she was leaving the store a bright thought struck her, and she returned to the counter, and with evident triumph in her face and manner announced, "I can get it now; she's 46 years old," and she could not understand why this vivid description did not enable the stupid person behind the counter to give her the exact size that she required. —Philadelphia Times.

McMahon and Grevy.

In Paris, in the revolution of 1830, a law student was soundly kicked by one of the king's officers for tearing down a copy of the ordinances placarded on the wall. The officer was armed, the student was not; so the latter ran away. Nearly a half century later—in 1879—the officer called upon the student to bid him goodby, having just resigned the presidency of the French republic on account of a radical difference with the majority of the national assembly on questions of state policy. He combined with his adieux, also, a graceful word of congratulations on the student's election to succeed him in the presidential chair. The student was Jules Grevy; the officer was Patrice de MacMahon, who died ripe in years and honors.—Kate Field's Washington.

Ancient Child Burial.

There was an order in the Church of England up to the year 1552, that if a child died within a month of baptism he should be buried in his chrisom in lieu of a shroud. The chrisom was a white baptismal robe with which in mediæval times a child when christened was enveloped. A sixteenth century brass in Chesham Bois church in Buckinghamshire represents Benedict Lee, chrisom child, in his chrisom cloth. The inscription underneath the figure stands thus:

Of Rogr. Lee, gentilma, here lyeth the son, Benedict Lee, crysom whos soule Jhu pdo.

—Westminster Gazette.

It Does Almost Seem So.

"I like the Staybolts' way of forbidding their children to talk slang, or to call each other by nicknames, and all that," said Mrs. Hilltops to her husband, "but I think they are almost too precise about it. This afternoon I heard little Mabel Staybolt asking our Clara if she heard the Katherinedid sing last night. Now I think that is carrying it to extremes, dear. Don't you?"—New York Sun.

Sailed the Seas 33 Years.

Capt. A. P. Lord is a prominent resident of Hampden, Me. For 33 years he sailed the seas and upon retiring from that calling was appointed by the U. S. government to superintend its interests in the Alaska seal fisheries, a position he held five years. In speaking of his experience, he says: "For several years I was greatly troubled with nervousness, and a pain in the region of my heart. It was almost impossible for me to get rest and sleep. Physicians from New York to San Francisco did me no good, but Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and New Heart Cure speedily and completely cured me. I owe my present and excellent health to them."

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone stifles, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by A. B. Armstrong Druggist, Smethport Pa.

"RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong Druggist, Smethport.

It not only relieves; it does more, it cures. We refer to One Minute Cough Cure. Suitable for all ages all conditions, at all times.—Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Early Risers, Early Risers, Early Risers the famous little pills for constipation, sick headache, dyspepsia and nervousness. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

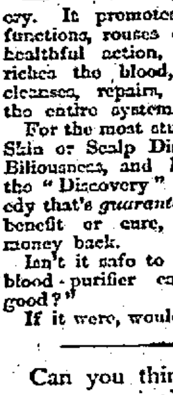
[illegible] color to all the [illegible] coverings of drawing room [illegible]. A scheme of [illegible] in its newest forms is in striking [illegible] shades, showing figures of a lighter tone upon a ground of the same color, and in even the familiar plain it is both good and desirable. For portieres it is especially to be commended, as it takes rich, deep folds and gives just that sense of warmth and freedom from draft that is to be desired.

The Myth of a Row.

Sir William Fraser tells a good story of Brigham Young and "The Lady of Lyons." Young took his wives to see a performance of Lytton's play at Salt Lake City. When the agony was piled up, he rose, and, followed by his spouses, left the theater, exclaiming, "I won't stand such an infernal row being made about one woman!"—Argonaut.

A man at Stamford, N. Y., has the watch Major Andre offered as a ransom to his captors. He has documents to prove that it is genuine.

Never sigh over what might have been, but make the best of what is. This bit of philosophy is valuable to the married man.



TO BRACE UP the system after "La Grippe," pneumonia, fevers, and other prostrating acute diseases; to build up needed flesh and strength, and to restore health and vigor when you feel "run-down" and used up, the best thing in the world is Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It promotes all the bodily functions, rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates the entire system.

For the most stubborn Scrofulous, Skin or Scalp Diseases, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and kindred ailments, the "Discovery" is the only remedy that's *guaranteed.* If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Isn't it safe to say that no other blood-purifier can be "just as good?"

If it were, wouldn't it be sold so?

Can you think of anything more convincing than the promise that is made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy? It is this: "If we can't cure your Catarrh, we'll pay you $500."

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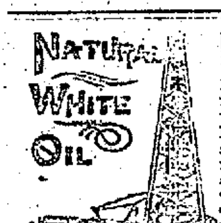
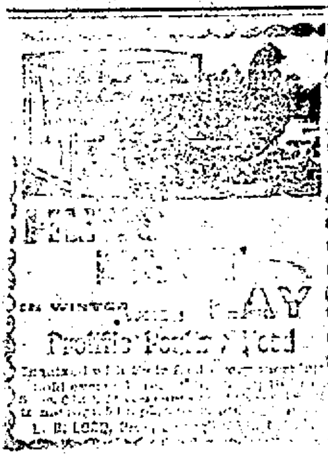
Smethport Pa



NATURAL WHITE OIL. Will positively grow hair on a bald head. It's nature's true hair grower, discovered [illegible] feet under the earth's surface. The only Natural Oil in the world. No poisonous drugs, purely a mineral product. Grows mustache and whiskers. Cures Dandruff permanently, stops hair falling out. It is readily absorbed and its use will leave no greasy after effect. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sold by all druggists. [illegible] cents per bottle, two bottles direct express prepaid, on receipt of price. Put on the trade only by the WHITE ROCK OIL CO., Toledo, O.

For sale by F. R. FOSTER.



Palmer & Church,
Livery, Feed and Sale

STABLES.

Largest, Best Equipped and Most Complete Livery Establishment in McKean county.

Prompt attention to orders by wire.

GO TO

ROONEY'S MARKET
Wolesale and Retail.

—FOR A—

Nice Piece of Meat

Fresh, Salt or Smoked.

—FOR—

FRESH & SALT FISH

—AND FOR ALL—

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES,

I will also pay the highest price for

STOCK AND HIDES

CALL AND SATISFY YOURSELF

Nearly opposite Catholic church. [illegible]

J. F. ROONEY.

Nothing On Earth Will

MAKE HENS LAY

LIKE

Sheridan's Condition Powder!

KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS

Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease.

Good for Moulting Hens.

It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs but a tenth of a cent a day. No other one-tenth as strong. Strictly a medicine. [illegible] If you can't get it send to us. [illegible] I. S. JOHNSON & CO., [illegible] Boston, Mass.

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COPY RIGHTS,

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INFRINGEMENT SUITS AND INTERFERENCES

A SPECIALTY.

EVART & APPLEMAN

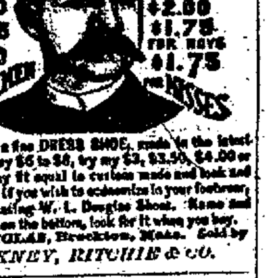
Attorneys-at-Law,

516 F Street, N. W., P. O. Box 85.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE NOT RIP.

Do you wear them? When next in need try a pair. Best in the world.



If you want a fine DRESS SHOE, made in the latest styles, don't pay $6 to $8, try my $3, $3.50, $4.00 or $5 Shoe. They fit equal to custom made and look and wear as well. If you wish to economize in your footwear, do so by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes. Name and price stamped on the bottom, look for it when you buy. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by *STICKNEY, RITCHIE & CO.*

STARTLING FACTS!

[illegible]

Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind. [illegible]

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old [illegible]

INSURANCE
Life, Fire and Accident

written by

W. F. SPECHT,
SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies

EMIL THAMM,
Manufacturer of

CIGARS
And Dealer in

CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO,

PIPES, ETC.

SMETHPORT, PA.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh R'y.

[illegible] Bradford, Kane [illegible] MAY 14, 1893. [illegible]

[illegible]

LEAVE BRADFORD—NORTH BOUND.

[illegible]

LEAVE SMETHPORT—SOUTH BOUND.

[illegible]

For time tables and further information call on or address [illegible] Bradford, Pa. [illegible] J. H. BARRETT, [illegible] Rochester, N. Y. [illegible]

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad. Time table [illegible] Monday, July [illegible]

[illegible]

PINE CREEK DIVISION.

[illegible] Coudersport [illegible] Pine Creek Junction [illegible] Fair Grounds [illegible] Ladona [illegible] Sweden Valley [illegible]

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Sup't.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect Nov. 19th, 1893.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION.

EASTWARD.

[illegible] a. m.—Train 6, daily except Sunday, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] p. m., New York [illegible] p. m., Baltimore [illegible] p. m., Washington [illegible] p. m. Pullman Parlor car through from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

[illegible] p. m.—Train 4, daily except Sunday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., New York [illegible] a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until [illegible] a. m.

[illegible] p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., New York [illegible] a. m., 10:31 a. m. Sundays. Baltimore [illegible] a. m., Washington [illegible] a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg.

WESTWARD.

[illegible] a. m.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations, leaves Ridgway [illegible] p. m. for Erie.

[illegible] a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

[illegible] p. m.—Train 11 daily except Sunday Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 1 leaves Renovo [illegible] a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Emporium Jc. [illegible] a. m.

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., Washington [illegible], Baltimore [illegible] a. m., Wilkesbarre 10:15 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Emporium Junction [illegible] p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches to Kane.

Train 3, leaves New York [illegible] p. m., Philadelphia [illegible] p. m., Washington [illegible] p. m., Baltimore [illegible] p. m., daily arriving at Emporium Junc. [illegible] a. m., with Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

Daily Except Sunday.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS.	SOUTH Ar. A. M.
9 40	Ridgway	[illegible]
9 55	Johnsonburg	[illegible]
10 0[illegible]	Glen Hazel	[illegible]
10 12	Straight	[illegible]
10 24	[illegible]	[illegible]
10 30	Smith's Run	[illegible]
10 37	Wilcox	[illegible]
10 45	Clermont	[illegible]

Connections are made with train 1, leaving Johnsonburg at [illegible] p. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at [illegible] p. m., also at Ridgway with train 6, leaving Ridgway at 1:[illegible] p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger [illegible]

DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR

Cures [illegible] Complaints, Biliousness, [illegible] Constipation, [illegible] other cause [illegible]

Garfield Tea [illegible] Cures Sick Headache

ONE DOLLAR EVERY HOUR

[illegible] HALLETT & CO., [illegible] Portland, Me.